

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## POETRY.

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## UNDER THE SURFACE.

## I.

On the surface, foam and roar,  
Restless heave and passionate dash;  
Shingle rattle along the shore,  
Gathering boom and thundering crash.

Under the surface, soft green light,  
A hush of peace and an endless calm,  
Wind and waves from a choral height  
Falling sweet as a far-off psalm.

On the surface, swell and swirl,  
Tossing weed and drifting waif,  
Broken spars that the mad waves whirl,  
Where round wreck-watching rocks they  
chafe.

Under the surface, loveliest forms,  
Feathery fronds with crimson curl, —  
Treasures too deep for the raid of storms —  
Delicate coral and hidden pearl.

## II.

On the surface, lilies white,  
A painted skiff with a singing crew,  
Sky reflections soft and bright,  
Tremulous crimson, gold, and blue.

Under the surface, life in death,  
Slimy tangle and oozy moans,  
Creeping things with watery breath,  
Blackening roots and whitening bones.

On the surface, a shining reach,  
A crystal couch for the moonbeam's rest,  
Starry ripples along the beach,  
Sunset songs from the breezy west.

Under the surface, glooms and fears,  
Treachorous currents, swift and strong,  
Deafening rush in the drowning ears. —  
Have ye rightly read my song?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Good Words.

## WINTER AT MENTONE.

COME, let us sit beside the twisted boles  
Of olives always green, by scarps defended,  
Absorb the partial summer in our souls  
And dream the reign of ice and mistral  
ended,

And mark the torrent's foam and sunshine  
blended,

And citron slopes all golden meet the shoals  
O'er which the heaving sapphire sea, ex-  
tended

Into a cove of palm and aloes, rolls.  
Talk not of winter while the labiate flowers

Breathe choicest odours from vermilion lips,  
And villas hide themselves in leafy bowers,

Nor any clouds the faithful sun eclipse,  
Nor changing climate comes with changing  
hours,

Nor biting frost the orange-blossom nips.

Temple Bar.

## PARTED.

FAIR scenes in thought's dominions dwell,  
When we have wandered far away;  
Soft strains through memory's caverns swell,  
Though every chord hath ceased to play.  
So, thy kind voice, thine earnest face,  
From fond remembrance nought shall sever,  
Though from my path thine every trace  
Hath passed away forever.

When some bright dream of vanished hours  
Is in thy heart upspringing,  
When some loved song through fancy's bow'rs  
In faded tones is ringing,  
When some faint chord, long hushed and  
mute,  
'Neath memory's touch doth quiver,  
Then, think of one whose wayward foot  
Hath passed away forever.

The Month.

E. H.

## THE OLD LOVE.

## I.

You love me, only me. Do I not know?  
If I were gone your life would be no more  
Than his who, hungering on a rocky shore,  
Shipwrecked, alone, observes the ebb and flow  
Of hopeless ocean widening forth below,  
And is remembering all that was before.  
Dear, I believe it, at your strong heart's  
core

I am the life; no need to tell me so.  
And yet — Ah husband, though I be more fair,  
More worth your love, and though you loved  
her not,

(Else must you have some different, deeper,  
name

For loving me) dimly I seem aware,  
As though you conned old stories long  
forgot,

Those days are with you — hers — before I  
came.

## II.

The mountain traveller, joyous on his way,  
Looks on the vale he left and calls it fair,  
Then counts with pride how far he is from  
there,

And still ascends. And when my fancies  
stray,

Pleased with light memories of a bygone day,  
I would not have again the things that were.  
I breathe their thought like fragrance in the  
air

Of flowers I gathered in my childish play.

And thou, my very soul, can it touch thee

If I remember her or I forget?

Does the sun ask if the white stars be set?

Yes, I recall, shall many times, maybe,

Recall the dear old boyish days again,

The dear old boyish passion. Love, what  
then?

Cornhill Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

BEAUMARCHAIS AND HIS TIMES.\*

"LE Mariage de Figaro," Beaumarchais' masterpiece, formed an epoch in the dramatic, social, and political annals of France. Napoleon called it the Revolution already in action. The author was the type, the living, breathing, varying, multiform type, of his times. There is no eighteenth century without him, said Sainte-Beuve, any more than without Voltaire, Mirabeau, or Diderot. His adventurous, tumultuous career, marked by the strangest alternations of fortune, might be simultaneously presented as an exciting romance and studied as the most instructive introduction to his play. We cannot say that M. de Loménie has made the best of his subject. His views are just, his criticisms sound, and he has displayed a rare amount of discriminating research in the collection of his materials, which are rich and valuable; but they have been arranged and worked up with little regard to artistic effect: the interest of the narrative is marred by minuteness of detail, as well as by want of due proportion in the parts; and altogether we incline to think that our best mode of proceeding will be to give an outline or summary of the strictly biographical portions of his work.

Beaumarchais, who is even less known to the general public by his veritable patronymic than Voltaire, began life as Pierre-Augustin Caron. He was born January 24th, 1742, the son of a watchmaker in the Quartier St. Denis, which, although deemed the Bœotia of Paris, can lay claim to Béranger, the son of a tailor, and Scribe, the son of a silk-merchant. The family of Caron occupied so humble a position, that M. de Loménie pauses to account for their comparative refinement of tone and elevation of thought by the existence of a Court aristocracy, "which mixing more and more with the classes of the bourgeoisie, without being confounded with them, pro-

moted amongst all a rivalry of good manners and language, which has now completely disappeared." This theory is confirmed by one of Beaumarchais' letters to his father from Madrid in 1765:—"The bourgeois of Madrid are the most foolish creatures in the universe, very different from what is seen amongst us, where all conditions have acquired the *bon air et le bel esprit*." There is also a letter from the father to the son, betokening a degree of cultivation not usual in his class:—

I have been five days and four nights without eating or sleeping, and without ceasing to cry out. In the intervals when I suffered less, I read Grandison, and in how many things have I not found a just and noble affinity between my son and Grandison! Father of thy sisters, friend and benefactor of thy father,—if England, I said, has her Grandison, France has her Beaumarchais—with this difference, that the English Grandison is only a fiction of an agreeable writer, whilst the French Beaumarchais really exists for the consolation of my decline.

There was little affinity with Grandison in boyhood or in youth. Bred up an only son with five sisters, he was the spoilt child of the establishment; and the irrepressible joyousness and levity of his disposition were constantly leading him into every sort of folly. In the Preface to "Cromwell," to prove the necessity of allying the comic with the tragic element, Victor Hugo insists that this contrast is found in the authors themselves:—"These Democrituses are also Heraclituses; Beaumarchais was morose: Molière, sombre: Shakespeare, melancholy." In nine cases out of ten, a man of genius naturally, if not necessarily susceptible and impressible, will be found alternating between gaiety and despondency. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* are sister poems. We do not believe that Molière was habitually sombre, or Shakespeare constitutionally sad; and all available evidence, external and internal, negatives the supposition that Beaumarchais was morose. The contrary was so notoriously the fact, that when (having been married only twice) he was accused of poisoning three wives, Voltaire, who

\* *Beaumarchais et son Temps: Etudes sur la Société en France au XVIII<sup>e</sup> Siècle, d'après des Documents Inédits.* Par Louis de Loménie, de l'Académie Française. Troisième édition, revue et corrigée. Paris, 1873.

disliked him, said, "This Beaumarchais is not a poisoner: he is too droll;" and, again, "I persist in my belief that so gay a man cannot be of the Locusta family." There were innumerable occasions when, without hoping against hope, without congeniality combined with hardihood, without glowing, electrical sympathy — compelling energy, he would have been lost; when, like Charles Surface, he kept his spirits because he could not afford to part with them.

All we are told of his education is, that he was sent to the College (Anglicè school) of Alfort; that, though an apt scholar, he gave slight indication of capacity, and that he was apprenticed to his father, with the view of succeeding to the business, at thirteen. This is the precise age of Cherubin, the precocious page whose heart beats at the rustling of a petticoat; and it is a plausible speculation of the biographers, that the page was copied from the life. Some verses composed by Beaumarchais at the period have been preserved, fully justifying the appellation of *polisson*, which is indiscriminately applied by himself to both copy and original. With an excessive fondness for music, which made him neglect his trade, he is said to have united other less innocent tastes, and his father strove in vain to subdue his turn for dissipation and extravagance. In one of the numerous diatribes levelled at him in the height of his celebrity, he is described as turned out of house and home at eighteen, and forming one of a strolling party of jugglers. That he was banished from the paternal roof is true, but this was no more than a temporary and provisional expedient for the reformation of his morals and his ways. He was received by friends with the connivance of the family, and when it was thought that a sufficiently impressive lesson had been conveyed he was taken back, upon conditions which show that the profligate sons of those days could not resist paternal rule with impunity. One of them ran thus:—

4. You will give up your unlucky music altogether, and (above all) the company of young people. I will tolerate neither. Both

have been your ruin. However, out of consideration for your weakness, I allow you the violin and the flute, but on the express condition that you never play on either till after supper on working days, and never in the daytime; and that you do not disturb the repose of our neighbours nor my own.

The conditions were signed by the culprit with the deepest sense of humiliation and apparently in good faith; for, in less than two years he had obtained that celebrity in his profession which was the utmost extent of the father's wishes or expectations in his behalf. In December, 1753, he addressed a letter (his first appearance in print) to the editor of the "*Mercure*," in which he laid claim to the invention of a new escapement for watches, stolen from him by one *Sieur Lepante*, and concluded by proposing to refer the question to the Academy. The affair having made noise enough to attract the attention of the *Comte de Saint-Florentin*, a high official, two Commissioners were named for the purpose by the Academy; and their decision was not merely that the invention belonged to Beaumarchais, but that, for watches, it was at the same time the most perfect yet hit upon and the most difficult of execution. In the course of the year following, June 16, 1755, he alludes to this and other mechanical improvements in terms showing that he had obtained some illustrious customers by his ingenuity:—

By these means I make watches as flat as they are called for, flatter than have hitherto been made, without in any respect diminishing their goodness. The first of these simplified watches is in the hands of the King. His Majesty has had it for a year, and is quite satisfied with it. I have also had the honour, within these few days, of presenting a watch to *Madame de Pompadour* of this new construction, the smallest ever made; it is only four lines and a half in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in thickness between the plates.

This letter is signed *Caron fils, Horloger du Roi*. In a preceding letter, July, 1754, he says that the King has ordered a facsimile of the watch made for *Madame de Pompadour*, and that all the lords were following the example, each eager to be served first. Till his twenty-fourth year, he was content with his prosperous busi-



ness as a watchmaker, and it was an incident connected with it that led to his throwing it up and turning courtier, in the hope of contending for the prizes of love and ambition with his customers. He had one main requisite for success on an arena where so much depended on the favour of the fair. "No sooner did Beaumarchais appear at Versailles, than the women were struck by his lofty stature, his well-proportioned figure, the regularity of his features, his clear and animated complexion, his confident look; by that commanding air which seemed to raise him above all around, and, above all, by that involuntary ardour which glowed in him at the sight of them." A shade of coxcombry did no harm: and that there was something more than a shade, may be inferred from a sentence in one of his later pamphlets: *Si j'étais un fat, s'ensuit-il que j'étais un ogre?* It was not, however, to any of the great ladies that he was indebted for the first step in his advancement. The wife of one of the minor functionaries — *contrôleur-clerc d'office de la maison du roi*, which corresponds pretty nearly with deputy clerk of the royal kitchen — having seen him at Versailles, called at his shop in Paris under the pretence of bringing a watch to repair. She was a handsome woman of about thirty, with an old and infirm husband. They came to an understanding at a glance. The young artist requested permission to be personally the bearer of the watch when repaired. The favourable impression was rapidly improved; and the husband after complacently sanctioning their intimacy for some months, was induced to make over his office, in consideration of an annuity, to Beaumarchais, who was formally installed in it by royal brevet of November 9, 1755.

Behold him now released from the degrading trammels of a mechanical trade, with his foot on the rung — a very low one, we must allow — of the ladder of Court preferment. The succeeding rungs were not attained or attainable by merit; they were a mere matter of money like the first. The explanation may be collected from a passage in the "Persian

Letters" of Montesquieu: "The King of France has no mines of gold, like the King of Spain, his neighbour; but he has more wealth, for he draws it from the vanity of his subjects, more inexhaustible than mines. He has been seen undertaking or sustaining great wars, having no other funds than titles of honour for sale; and, by a prodigy of human pride, his troops were paid, his fortified places supplied, his fleets equipped." Ingenuity was racked to invent offices or sinecures carrying rank or title; and the existing ones were multiplied at will. There were sixteen *contrôleurs-clercs* when Beaumarchais joined the band, with whom he did not remain long. His predecessor added to the obligation already conferred by dying soon afterwards, and before the expiration of the prescribed year of mourning the widow bestowed her hand on the young Caron, who, three months after the marriage, at the beginning of 1757, assumed the name of de Beaumarchais in right of a fief belonging to his wife. What was the nature of the fief, whether it had any local existence or was a fief of pure phantasy, his biographers are confessedly unable to declare; and he must have winced at the sarcasm of his fellest adversary, Goëzman: "The Sieur Caron borrowed from one of his wives the name of Beaumarchais, which he lent to one of his sisters."

His clerkship did not confer nobility, a privilege restricted to the more highly-priced offices; and it was not until 1761, that he became regularly entitled to the coveted prefix *de* by the purchase for 85,000 francs of the nominal charge of *secrétaire du roi*. Ironically referring to this transaction in 1773, he writes: "I must take time to consider whether I ought not to be offended at seeing you thus rummaging in the archives of my family, and recalling my ancient origin which was almost forgotten. Are you aware that I can lay claim already to twenty (twelve) years of nobility: that this nobility is honestly mine, in good parchment, sealed with the great seal of yellow wax: that it is not, like that of many, uncertain and oral; and that no one could contest it with me, for I have the receipt (*J'en ai la*

*quittance*)?" Well may M. de Loménie exclaim that this *j'en ai la quittance* says more in its comic insolence than hundreds of books on the degradation of the aristocratic principle in France.

To regain, as a gentleman by purchase, the familiar approach to royalty and royal favourites which had been permitted to the watchmaker, might have proved impracticable even for the happy audacity of Beaumarchais without one of those opportune incidents of which he was wont to make so adroit a use through life. Diderot writes in 1760: "I was invited last week by the Count Ogniski to hear a performance on the harp. I was not acquainted with this instrument." It grew into fashion by its novelty, and Beaumarchais not only learnt to play upon it, but introduced an improvement in the pedals and acquired so much reputation by his skill that Mesdames de France, the daughters of Louis XV., commanded his attendance. Pleased by his appearance and address, they began taking lessons from him, and he speedily became the manager and principal performer in a family concert given every week by the princesses to the King, the Dauphin, the queen Marie Lezczinska, and their suite. With admirable tact he adapted his manners to his company, and was soon placed upon the easiest footing of familiarity. On one occasion the King, eager to hear him play and not wishing to derange the circle, pushed his own chair towards him and forced him to take it. On another, the Dauphin, after a conversation of some length, in which Beaumarchais affected an excessive frankness, said of him, "He is the only man who speaks truth to me." It need hardly be added that the ladies of the Court were not behindhand in giving a flattering reception to the handsome amateur musician on whom royal eyes beamed favour and royal lips heaped praise; or that he immediately became the marked object of envy, scandal, and impertinence. A fine gentleman who had undertaken to disconcert the minion of Mesdames, came up to him in the centre of a numerous group, just after he had left the princesses' apartment in full dress, and producing a very handsome watch, said: "Monsieur, as you are skilled in watch-making, have the goodness, I beg, to examine my watch, which is out of order."—"Monsieur," coolly replied Beaumarchais, "since I left off this business I have become very unskilful in it."—"Ah, Monsieur, do not refuse me this favour."—"Be it so, but I forewarn

you that I am very unskilful." Then taking the watch, he opened it, and holding it high up under pretence of examining it, let it drop. Then, with a low bow, "I warned you, Monsieur, of my extreme clumsiness."

To set the princesses against him, they were told that he was on bad terms with his father. Finding himself coldly received, and suspecting the cause, he hurried to Paris for his father, brought him to Versailles, and contrived, in showing him over the palace and grounds, to fall in repeatedly with the princesses. Their curiosity was excited, and when, leaving the old man in the ante-chamber, he came to pay his respects, one of them asked him with whom he had been walking about all day. "With my father." The reaction was complete; the father was presented on the instant, and produced the happiest effect by a burst of honest enthusiasm in favour of his Grandison son.

The owner of the watch made no attempt to push matters to extremity. But the Chevalier des C. (the full name is suppressed) forced a duel on Beaumarchais, which ended fatally, and impressed him with a lasting feeling of regret. They fought on horseback, without seconds, under the walls of the park of Meudon. Beaumarchais plunged his sword into the breast of his adversary, who fell, but on seeing him on the ground with the blood bubbling from the wound, he dismounted and tried to stanch it with his handkerchief. "Save yourself," cried the wounded man, "save yourself, Monsieur de Beaumarchais; you are lost if you are seen, if it is known that you have taken my life."—"You must have help, and I go to seek it." Beaumarchais remounts his horse, gallops to the village of Meudon, procures a surgeon, tells him where to find the wounded man, puts him in the track, and returns to Paris to consider what is to be done. The wound was declared fatal; but the Chevalier generously refused to declare by whom it had been inflicted. During the eight days which intervened between the duel and his death, his friends and relatives could extort no answer from him but this:—"I have my deserts: I challenged, to please people for whom I have no esteem, an honourable man who had given me no offence." Whilst it was still uncertain whether the secret would be discovered and the family call for vengeance, Beaumarchais demanded the protection of Mesdames, to whom he communicated the whole of the details. They told the

King, who replied, "Take care, my children, that nothing is said to me on the subject;" and they are reported to have taken measures accordingly.

All this time Beaumarchais' Court favour, far from being a source of profit or solid advantage, was a heavy tax on his income and his time. Mesdames de France, nicknamed by their royal father, Mme. Victoire *Coche*, Mme. Adelaide *Loque*, Mme. Sophie *Graille*, and Mme. Louise *Chiffe*, although excellent women in their way, had been brought up in habits which made them expect all their caprices to be gratified on the instant, and led them to believe that to charge a man with a commission of any sort was to do him honour. Madame du Deffant tells a story of the quince-preserve for which Orleans was famous, so impatiently desired by *Loque*, that the King sends in hot haste to the Premier, M. de Choiseul, who sends in equal haste to the Bishop of Orleans, who is called up at three in the morning to his extreme discomfort, to receive this missive from Louis XV.:—

Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans: My daughters are longing for quince preserve: they wish to have it in very small boxes. If you have none by you, I beg you,—here intervened a pen-and-ink sketch of a sedan-chair,—to send to your episcopal city for some immediately, and let the boxes be very small. Whereupon, Monsieur the Bishop of Orleans, may God have you in his holy keeping.—LOUIS.

Then a little lower down came a postscript:—

The sedan-chair signifies nothing: It was drawn by my daughters on this sheet of paper which came nearest to hand.

A courier was instantly despatched to Orleans and the quince-preserve arrived the next day; by which time (adds Madame du Deffant) the princesses were longing for something else. Beaumarchais, who had no courier at his disposal, was sent to and fro on errands equally frivolous. Thus a lady in waiting writes:

Madame Victoire has a fancy to play this very day on the tambourine, and charges me to write to you on the instant to procure her one as soon as you possibly can. I hope that you have got rid of your cold, and that you can execute Madame's commission without delay.

He had to buy a tambourine worthy of being offered to a princess; the next day it was a harp, the day after a flute, and so on. At length, having exhausted his means, slender enough at this period, in paying for the required articles, and driv-

en to his wits' end for money, he sends in an account, showing a balance of 2,000 livres, to Mme. d'Hoppen, the *intendante* of Mesdames.

The manner in which he at length contrived to convert his credit with these royal ladies into the source of pecuniary gain was as strange and as little to be counted on, as the rest of the expedients which rarely failed him in an emergency. Paris Du Verney was a celebrated financier who had amassed a colossal fortune and attained a high degree of credit at Court; so much, indeed, that he was supposed to have brought about, through Madame de Pompadour, the appointment of Richelieu to the command of the army which, under d'Estrées, had won the battle of Hastenfeld in 1757. It was Du Verney who made the fortune of Voltaire, by giving him a share in the army contracts of 1741. Relying on the durable favour and support of the royal mistress, he undertook the construction of the Military School in 1751, but her influence diminished apace during the Seven Years' War, and long before the completion of the establishment, the bare fact of his having patronized it caused it to be coldly regarded by the royal family and the ministry.

The main hope of Du Verney, in 1760, lay in procuring a state visit from the King, which he calculated would be deemed a kind of consecration and a pledge. After trying every direct interest in vain, the thought struck him of applying to the young musician whom he saw in daily communication with the princesses. Beaumarchais was not slow to perceive the advantages he might draw from obliging a man like Du Verney, and taking his stand upon the fact that he had never yet asked a favour from Mesdames, he made it his first, his last, his only request and prayer, that they would pay a visit to the Military School; frankly avowing to them that, in case of their compliance, he fully expected that Du Verney would be useful to him in return. They went accordingly: they were received in state by the Director, to whom they clearly intimated that they came to oblige their protégé; and a few days afterwards the King was induced by their representations, or driven by their importunities, to go too. The financier, who had opened the negotiation by offering "his assistance, his credit, his heart," kept faith. "He initiated me," says Beaumarchais, "in the affairs of finance, in which all the world knows he was at

home; I worked at my fortune under his direction; I undertook, at his suggestion, many enterprises; in some he aided me with his funds or his credit, in all with his advice."

A Grandmastership of Waters and Forests having become vacant, the purchase-money, 50,000 livres, was advanced by Du Verney, and deposited with a notary; nothing was wanting but the royal assent, and this Mesdames de France had undertaken to procure, when Beaumarchais' colleagues that were to be (there were eighteen grand-masters when the number was complete), although five or six of them were not better born than himself, formally protested against the admission of the ex-watchmaker, and managed to enlist the minister on their side. The required assent was withheld, and Beaumarchais was obliged to cancel the arrangement, yet that his disappointment was exclusively owing to personal animosity, is proved by the permission soon afterwards accorded to him to purchase the more distinguished charge of Lieutenant-General of the Chase in the Captainry of the Warren of the Louvre, a sort of deputy-rangership which associated him with nobles, and carried with it judicial powers over poachers and trespassers. It was remembered among the anomalies of his life, when the game and forest laws had been swept away with the other relics of feudalism which he satirized, that he had condemned many a peasant to fine and imprisonment for snaring a rabbit or fencing a garden against deer.

His affair with Clavijo in 1764 has become famous as well by his own melodramatic recital as by being made the subject of a drama by Goethe. Two of his sisters were settled in Madrid: one married to an architect, and one unmarried but betrothed to a Spanish man of letters named Clavijo. They were to be married as soon as the gentleman should obtain an employment which he was soliciting, but when this preliminary was fulfilled, and the banns published, he suddenly broke off the engagement in a manner calculated not merely to affect the happiness of the lady but her fair fame. On being apprised of what had taken place, Beaumarchais hurried to Madrid, and by a combination of energy, coolness, and tact compelled the recreant lover to clear her honour at the expense of his own; nay, frightened or persuaded him into an overture for a reconciliation; and there seemed a fair chance of the marriage coming off after all, when Beaumarchais

discovered that the treacherous Spaniard had been intriguing against him, and by accusing him of a criminal plot had obtained a Government order for his arrest and expulsion from Madrid. He had an interview with the minister, managed even to get access to the King, procured the dismissal and disgrace of his enemy, and ended by marrying his sister, with her reputation repaired and her heart, it is to be hoped, not irremediably damaged, to a fellow-countryman. The importance of this episode (which was over in a month) lay not so much in the circumstances or the direct result, as in its bringing him to Madrid, where he stayed a year, engaged in a succession of speculations or projects, commercial or political, and accumulating the materials for the character, manners, and machinery of his plays. He wrote to his father in January, 1765:—

If you heard of me from any inhabitant of Madrid, you would be told: "Your son is amusing himself here like a king. He passes all his evenings at the Russian Ambassador's or Lady Rochford's; he dines four times a week with the Commandant of Engineers, and drives about Madrid in a carriage drawn by six mules. He dines every day with the French Ambassador, so that his journeys are charming, and cost him very little." . . . It is in good company, for which I am born, that I find my resources (*moyens*); and when you see the products of my pen, you will agree that it is not walking but running to one's object.

Amongst other products of his pen were Memoirs on commercial concessions, with plans for supplying all the Spanish colonies with negroes, and all the cities with white bread; for colonizing the Sierra Morena and provisioning the Spanish armies in every quarter of the world. These schemes sound so wild, that it is difficult to conceive how they could have been seriously entertained; yet it is clear from the diplomatic correspondence of the period that he was living the life he describes, in constant communication with the ministers, and a favoured guest at the Russian, French, and English embassies. It was no idle boast that he was born for good company; for, whenever it fell in his way, he was received into it, and shone in it, as easily and naturally as if he had never known any other. With so many irons in the fire, it is no wonder that he sometimes burnt his fingers; and we learn from M. de Loménie that his industrial speculations in Spain proved failures, "but he returned richer than he was himself

aware; for he carried in his head the lineaments of those so strongly-marked and original figures of Figaro, of Rosine, of Almaviva, of Bartholo, of Basile, which, some day or other, were to make the glory of his name."

The chapter following that on the Spanish expedition is devoted to a love affair, which began in 1763. The heroine was a Creole heiress, endowed with considerable personal attractions, named Pauline. She was at one time much attached to Beaumarchais, or pretended to be. "Adieu, love!" she writes, "adieu, my soul, adieu, my all! When you come back, it will be for me the sun of a beautiful day. Adieu!" Yet, when the actual adieu came, she bore it with commendable equanimity, and conferred her hand on a rival without emotion or remorse. Beaumarchais, on his part, was not a very ardent lover at any time. Rochefoucauld says, "It is with true love as with ghosts; which many talk about, and few have seen: Love lends his name to an infinity of affairs which are attributed to him, but with which he has no more to do than the Doge with what is going on at Venice." Beaumarchais was engaged in many such affairs, but they exercised no mastery over his imagination or his heart. "Je me délasse des affaires avec les belles-lettres, la belle musique et *quelquefois* les belles femmes." Such is his antithetical confession; which may be accepted as a correct statement, with the suppression of *quelquefois*; for it was rare to find him without some liaison of the lighter order on his hands. The affair with the Creole ended prosaically enough. During the engagement he had looked over the accounts of her property at St. Domingo, and advanced some money for its improvement, which her husband, the suitor who had cut him out, showed no eagerness to reimburse. There is a letter from her in 1769, three years after her marriage, which concludes, "Let him sleep in peace, he shall be paid." He never was paid.

Le Sage and Fielding are two striking examples (amongst many) of men of genius beginning in the wrong direction and only hitting upon the true vein by accident. If the pleasure of quizzing Richardson had not luckily led to the production of "Joseph Andrews," the author of "Tom Jones" would be best known as the author of "Tom Thumb"; and Le Sage was the chosen butt of the wits as an indifferent playwright when he flashed upon an astonished and delighted

public with "Gil Blas." Beaumarchais committed a similar mistake when he started as a dramatist. Instead of the light, sparkling, vivacious comedy, redolent of fun and frolic, defying the conventions and proprieties, he broke ground in the domestic *bourgeois* drama which had been brought into vogue by Diderot; in which characters taken from ordinary life were to speak the common language of their class, and be placed in situations coming home to the genuine, if homely, feelings of humanity. In the preface of "Eugénie," the first of his plays composed on this principle, Beaumarchais protests against the monopoly of tragic interest claimed for kings and conquerors. It is simply (he urged) our vanity that is gratified with being initiated into the secrets of a court: the spectator is really most affected by the misfortunes of a state of life approximating to his own: "That is to say, a tradesman on his way to make a declaration of bankruptcy is more dramatic than a dethroned sovereign, or a warrior who has just lost a battle." The *dramatis personæ* of "Eugénie," however, are taken from the higher class, the heroine being the daughter of a baron: the hero a marquis and nephew of the Minister of War. She has been deceived by a false marriage (like that in the "Vicar of Wakefield") and arrives, far gone in the family way, just as he is about to marry a rich heiress. In the original manuscript the scene was laid at Paris: the seducer was the Marquis de Rosenpré, and the seduced Mademoiselle de Kerbaelec. But the false marriage was pronounced improbable, if not impracticable, in France: the censor, susceptible for the national honour, interfered; and in the acted play the scene is laid in London; Eugénie is the daughter of a gentleman of Wales, and a Lord Clarendon is the villain of the piece. The first representation is thus mentioned in the "Année Littéraire" of Fréron:—

"Eugénie," played for the first time the 29th January of this year (1767), was badly enough received by the public; and, indeed, this reception had all the air of a fall. It has been revived with *éclat* by dint of retrenchments and corrections. It has long occupied the public, and this success does much honour to our actors.

Grimm, who might have been expected to speak favourably of a drama in the style of his friend Diderot, wrote thus:—



This work is the first attempt of M. de Beaumarchais in the drama and in literature. He is, I hear, a man of about forty (he was thirty-five); rich, holding a little place at court, who has hitherto played the *petit-maitre* and has been ill-advised enough to turn author. . . . This man will never do anything, even mediocre. There is only one phrase in all the piece which pleased me. It is in the fifth act, when Eugénie, recovering from a long fainting fit, opens her eyes and finds Clarendon at her feet. She throws herself back and exclaims, *J'ai cru le voir!* This phrase is so happy, it is so out of keeping with the rest, that I would wager he is not the author of it.

In his second drama, "Deux Amis," Beaumarchais literally acted on his theory by making the interest turn on a bankruptcy: the friends being a merchant of Lyons who has a sum to make up, and a receiver-general who surreptitiously aids the other by slipping public money into his strong box. The prosaic tone of the piece was a little elevated by a love affair based on his own with Pauline; but the failure, after a few days' struggle, was pronounced final and complete. A man in the pit gave the *coup de grâce* by calling out, "The business in hand is a bankruptcy; I am in for my twenty sous." Grimm has preserved the following epigram:—

J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule ;  
Et je vais en un mot vous dire ce que c'est :  
C'est un change où l'argent circule  
Sans produire aucun intérêt.

Whilst his failure was still freshly remembered, Beaumarchais, *à propos* of an unsuccessful opera, told Sophie Arnauld, "Within eight days you will have no audience or next to none." She replied, "Your 'Deux Amis' will send us one."

Although his dramatic career was suspended by this check, and his literary fame was still in embryo, his position at the beginning of 1770 was highly prosperous upon the whole. His first wife having died some years before, he had married in April, 1768, a young and beautiful widow of large fortune; and he was making money fast by a speculation in partnership with Du Verney. But his second wife died in the November of that year, and Du Verney in July. Although half her fortune consisted of an annuity for her life, he was accused of poisoning her; and although the balance on a signed settlement of accounts was against Du Verney, Beaumarchais was accused of embezzlement, fraud, and forgery, by the heir, a Comte de la Blache. There

was no alternative but to commence legal proceedings for the balance, and, considering the nature of the defence, the Prince de Conti had some reason for the remark, "Il faut que Beaumarchais soit *payé ou pendu.*" Beaumarchais, never at a loss, retorted, "But if I gain my cause, I think my adversary should also pay '*cordialement un peu de sa personne.*'"

The Court of First Instance decided in his favour; their judgment, reversed upon appeal, was fully confirmed by the Supreme Court at the end of seven years' litigation, which incidentally gave rise to (with one exception) the most signal triumph of his pen. But before coming to it, we must notice an intervening adventure, eminently characteristic of the period and the man. Mdlle. Ménard, a young and pretty actress, was living under the protection of the Duc de Chaulnes, a man whose faults of temper and frequent aberration of reason were ill redeemed by his acquisitions and accomplishments. "Banished for five years, he had visited the pyramids, associated with the Bedouins of the desert, and brought back many objects of natural history, including an unhappy monkey which he overwhelmed with blows every day." His mistress fared little better than the monkey. He had for some time inspired her with no other feeling than fear, when he suddenly took a great fancy to Beaumarchais, and introduced him to her. As a matter of course the Duke soon became jealous of his friend, who, at her request, discontinued his visits; but finding no change for the better, she took refuge in a convent, and did not return to her house till she had finally broken with the Duke. She then wrote to Beaumarchais to propose the renewal of their intimacy, which was renewed and continued without interruption for some months, when one fine morning in February, 1773, the Duke broke into her room and announced his intention to have a deadly encounter with his rival within the hour. Beaumarchais was in the exercise of his judicial functions at the Captainry, when the Duke entered the court and insisted on his coming out to be put to death upon the spot. Although the Duke was a giant and had obviously lost all self-control, Beaumarchais, at the conclusion of the sitting, gets into the same carriage with him, and, in answer to repeated insults of the grossest kind, replies, "Hold M. le Duc, when a man really wants to fight, he does not talk so much. Come to my house with me: I will give you dinner,



and if I do not succeed in bringing you to reason by four o'clock, and you persist in compelling me to the alternative of fighting or of having my eyes scratched out, the fate of arms must decide." The Duke accepts, but his temper gets the better of him before the dinner can be got ready, and suddenly seizing Beaumarchais' sword, he falls upon him. A terrible scene of violence ensues. Beaumarchais, grappling with his powerful adversary, pushes him within reach of the bell, and rings.

The servants hurry up. "Disarm this madman," I cried, holding him tight. My cook, as brutal and strong as the Duke, was about to knock him down with a billet of firewood. I cry the louder, "Disarm him, but do him no harm; he would say that he has been assassinated in my house." They wrest my sword from him. On the instant he seizes me by the hair and lays my forehead entirely bare. The pain made me quit my hold, and exerting all my strength, I struck him with my clenched fist in the face. "Wretch," he said, "you strike a duke and a peer!" I own that this exclamation, so extravagant for the occasion, would have made me laugh at any other time; but as he is stronger than me and had grasped me by the throat, I could think of nothing but defending myself. My coat, my shirt, are torn; my face is bleeding afresh. My father, an old man of seventy-five, in his attempts to part us, comes in for his share of the porter-like madnesses of the duke and peer. I myself had lost all self-command, and the blows were returned as soon as given. We find ourselves on the top of the staircase, where the Duke falls, rolls over my servants, and drags me along with him. This terrible confusion restores him a little to himself.

After a short pause, the Duke draws his sword, and before he can be disarmed cuts the coachman across the nose, pierces the cook's hand, and wounds a lacquy in the head. Then, losing sight of Beaumarchais, he runs into the dining-room, takes his seat at the table, devours a large plate of soup and some cutlets, and swallows two bottles of water; a tolerably clear proof that he was mad. Further extravagance was prevented by the arrival of the commissary.

That same evening Beaumarchais kept an appointment at a friend's house, where he, had promised a reading of the "*Barbier de Séville*," read his comedy with spirit, made a good story of the affair with the Duke, and passed a part of the night in singing Spanish songs and playing on the harp. The Duke, on his side, went about saying that, Beaumarchais not being entitled to the satisfaction of a

gentleman, he would chastise him as a plebeian; but the tribunals interposed, the Duke was sent to Vincennes, and by way of conciliating the aristocratic spirit by putting the intended victim on a par with the aggressor, Beaumarchais was incarcerated in Fer l'Evêque.

This was a cruel blow, for besides adding to the scandals already associated with his name, it prevented him from personally attending to the lawsuit with La Blache, in which his fortune and character were at stake; and it was with the utmost difficulty that he obtained permission to leave his prison during the daytime under the surveillance of an agent of police. The judgment rescinding that of the Court of First Instance in his favour was delivered on the 6th April, 1773. It virtually declared him guilty of a fraud, and was immediately followed up by the seizure of his goods and the confiscation of his revenues. On the 9th April he writes to M. de Sartines, the lieutenant of police:

My courage is exhausted. The current rumour is that I am entirely sacrificed; my credit shaken; my affairs in ruin; my family, of which I am the father and support, in desolation. Whatever vengeance may be wreaked on me for this wretched affair of Chaulnes — will it have no bounds? It is clear to demonstration, that my imprisonment costs me 100,000 francs. The substance, the form, all in this iniquitous judgment makes me shudder, and I cannot shake it off so long as I am detained in this dreadful prison.

The minister, La Vrillière, moved by this appeal or thinking him sufficiently punished for having been insulted and assaulted by a duke, at length (8th May, 1773) signs an order for his release, and he is restored to the bosom of his family, persecuted and calumniated, impoverished and dishonoured, but never altogether crushed or fallen. There was an elasticity in his fortunes and his character which nothing could subdue. He is miraculously saved from the worst consequences of one prosecution by another which was expected and intended to consummate his ruin. He rises within a few months from a depth of abject misery, in which he says he was an object of shame and pity to himself, to the highest pitch of triumph. He was the horror of all Paris a year ago (writes Grimm in 1774): "every one, on the report of a neighbour, believed him capable of the greatest crimes: all the world is raving about him now."

The key to this new and extraordinary

situation is to be found in the state of public opinion brought about by the Chancellor Maupeou, when, backed by Madame du Barry, he ventured on the rash step of suppressing the old historic Parliament of Paris, and replacing it by one composed in a great measure of persons dependent on the Court. Loud, long, and wide-spread was the outcry; the provincial parliament protested: the princes of the blood refused to recognise the new magistracy; but the Chancellor stood firm; he forbade the princes the royal presence; he cashiered the provincial parliaments; and he laid about him, right and left, with such earnestness and goodwill, that Madame du Defiant exclaims, "He is not a man, he is a devil; all here is in a disorder, of which no one can foresee the end; it is chaos, it is the end of the world." To all outward seeming he had succeeded: inflated with his fancied triumph, he was already boasting of having rescued the crown from the gown; but "when all that is at once honest and intelligent in a nation feels itself wounded in its dignity, the wound, which closes on the surface, is far from being cured; that which was at first a flame becomes a smouldering fire under the cinders, and may be rekindled by a spark. It was reserved for Beaumarchais to light up, with a lawsuit about fifteen louis, the flame which was to devour Maupeou and his parliament."

The principal party, by turns plaintiff and defendant, in these proceedings was Goëzman, the judicial functionary, on whose report the judgment against Beaumarchais by the Parliament had been based. The decision virtually lay with him; and if not vernal in his own person, he was notoriously open to approaches through his wife, a young and attractive woman, who had been heard to say, "It would be impossible for us to live decently on our pay, but we know how to *plumer la poule sans la faire crier*." A bookseller, his agent, having given Beaumarchais to understand that a present of 200 louis to this lady would ensure the favourable report of the counsellor, he handed over 100 louis and a watch set with diamonds of equal value; and on her demanding 15 louis more for a secretary, they were paid. The agreement was, that if he lost his cause, all excepting the 15 louis should be restored. He did lose his cause, having got nothing for his money but a bootless interview with the counsellor; and he received back the 100 louis and the watch;

but having ascertained from the secretary that the 15 louis had been appropriated by Madame Goëzman, he wrote to her to demand that they also should be repaid. She not only denied having received this sum, but charged him with a criminal and abortive attempt to corrupt her husband through her; and Goëzman, either believing her story or seeing no alternative but to brazen the matter out, adopted the charge and denounced Beaumarchais to the Parliament as a suborner and a calumniator. He had justly calculated on Beaumarchais' loss of credit, but he had made no allowance for the unpopularity of the judicial body or its liability to be fatally assailed through himself. Beaumarchais, who scented popular opinion in the air, who felt it in the loaded and lowering atmosphere, whose peculiar force lay in reflecting the public mind and reacting on it, saw instinctively that the hour of retribution, of restitution, of reparation, of triumph had struck. He threw prudence to the winds, placed his entire trust, like Danton, in *Pandace*, and dashed headlong into the fray exclaiming—

Una salus victis nullam sperare salutem.

The *Mémoires*, or pleadings, which he composed are allowed on all hands to be masterpieces in their way. There is nothing in juridical writing, hardly anything in polemical literature, to be compared with them. Their effect was magical, electrical. The grand art obviously lay in representing Goëzman and his wife as types of a species, and conveying the impression that they were neither better nor worse than other counsellors and their wives; but to do this in the only way in which it could be done with impunity,—namely, by allusions, insinuations, suppositions, and illustrations, required an amount of nerve, tact, knowledge of the world, *à propos*, fancy, and vivacity, which were never more happily combined than in Beaumarchais:

What a man! writes Voltaire; he unites everything—pleasantry, seriousness, reason, gaiety, farce, the pathetic, all the kinds of eloquence; and he aims at none, and he confounds all his adversaries, and he gives lessons to his judges. His *naïveté* enchants me. I forgive him his impudences and his impertinences. . . . I fear that this brilliant hare-brained fellow may be right at bottom against the whole world. What rogueries, O heaven! What horrors! What debasement in the nation! What vexation for the parliament!

La Harpe accuses Voltaire of being,

*tant soit peu*, jealous of Beaumarchais on the strength of his having said in reference to these *Mémoires*, "Il y a bien de l'esprit : je crois pourtant qu'il en faut davantage pour faire *Zaire et Mérope*."

Horace Walpole writes in the same strain, and Goethe has recorded the effect produced in Germany. *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futura*. Such was the levity of mind in elevated regions, that Louis XV. was amused by these productions, and Madame du Barry had proverbs played before her royal adorer, in which Madame Goëzman was confronted with Beaumarchais. The commencement of the fourth *Mémoire* is one of the most admired passages :

According to the ordinary progress of prosecutions, the accused defends himself on the heads of the accusation brought against him, and keeps to them. Provided he gets out of the scrape, his friends care little whether he has expressed himself well or ill ; nor he either. It is not so with my cause ; bizarre to excess in all its ramifications. Not only am I forced to plead to the substance of the accusations, but to defend the very nature of my defence.

Many grave people have objected that, in an affair in which the happiness or misery of my life was at stake, the coolness of my conduct, the serenity of my soul, and the gaiety of my tone announced a want of sensibility little fit to inspire them with pity for my misfortunes. Severe as is this reproach, there is in it an element of kindness that touches me, and induces me to justify myself.

But who told these worthy people that the happiness and misery of my life were at stake ? How do they know that I am weak to the point of trusting my happiness to fortune, or wise enough to make it depend solely on myself ? Because *they* are often sad in the bosom of joy, they reproach me with being cold and tranquil in the midst of misfortune. Why set down to the account of insensibility what may be in me the result of a philosophy as noble in its efforts as soothing in its effects ? For such very grave people, is not the reproach a little light ?

I would fain have them know that the courage which bears up against everything, the activity which is ready for everything, the patience which supports everything, do not render outrages less trying nor chagrins less poignant. But I take pleasure in reminding them that the habit of suffering alone suffices to cause resignation in creatures seemingly the most feeble.

Then after gracefully dwelling on the resignation and powers of endurance exhibited by women, he continues : —

Object of my worship at all times, this amiable sex is here my model. It is impossible to be more unhappy than I am from every

point of view ; but, in writing, I save myself from myself to occupy myself with those who may esteem and pity me, if I succeed in informing them of my wrongs without wearying them with the recital.

Thenceforward, I am like Sosie : it is no longer the suffering and unhappy *I* that hold the pen, it is another *I* ; courageous, eager to repair the injuries that malignity has done me in the opinion of my fellow-citizens. . . . In a word, I forget my wrongs in writing ; and I am like the slave, who no longer feels the weight of his chains from the moment that he sees the money of his ransom in the act of being counted down.

Moreover, I pretend to a philosophy of my own ; and as this *Mémoire* is less the dry and fleshless examination of a beaten question than a course of reflections on my condition as accused, haply I may be allowed to show on how widely different a foundation I plant the peace of mind of a man so cruelly persecuted that this peace of mind appears factitious to some and at least very extraordinary to others.

Then comes the boldest and happiest apostrophe that ever was hazarded out of the pulpit ; with perhaps the exception of Dupin's, when, in his defence of Béranger, he imagined the Tempter taking Jesus up again into the Mountain and showing Him all the kingdoms of the world : —

If the beneficent Being who watches over all had one day honoured me with his presence, and had said to me, "I am He by whom all is. Without me, you would not exist. I endowed you with a healthy and robust body ; I placed in it the most active spirit. You know with what profusion I poured sensibility into your soul and gaiety into your disposition ; but, penetrated as I see you with the happiness of thinking, of feeling, you would be too happy if this fortunate condition was not balanced by some chagrins. Therefore, you are about to be weighed down by unnumbered calamities ; torn by a thousand enemies ; deprived of your liberty, of your property ; accused of rapine, of forgery, of imposture, of corruption, of calumny : to groan under the opprobrium of a criminal process ; to be strangled in the bands of a decree ; to be attacked on all points of your existence by the most absurd *on dits* : and be long tossed to and fro in the scrutiny of public opinion to decide if you are no better than the vilest of mankind or simply an honest citizen."

I would have prostrated myself and made answer, "Being of Beings, I owe all to Thee : the happiness of existing, of thinking, of feeling. I believe that Thou hast meted out good and evil in equal measure to us all. I believe that Thy justice has wisely arranged everything for us, and that the variety of pains and pleasures, of fears and hopes, is the freshening breeze that fills the sails of the vessel and sends it gaily on its track."

The beauty of the concluding image is enhanced by the truth of its application. It came fresh and glowing from the heart. With all his sense of error, he felt that he was not a bad man—that he did not deserve the mass of suffering and ignominy heaped upon him—that he had done his duty in every relation of domestic life, as a husband, a brother, and a son—and might appeal with a clean breast and an unsullied conscience to the Deity.

The exasperation of the Parliament was in exact proportion to his success, and the fear of popular indignation alone prevented them from proceeding to the worst extremities. Their judgment was announced for the 26th February, 1766, on which day Madame du Deffant writes to Walpole: "We expect a great event to-day—the judgment on Beaumarchais. . . M. de Monaco has invited him this evening to read a comedy in his manner, entitled the 'Barbier de Séville.' . . The public are infatuated with the author; sentence is passing on him as I write. It is foreseen that the judgment will be rigorous, and it might come to pass that, instead of supping with us, he will be condemned to banishment or even to the pillory.

His principal patron, the Prince de Conti, had told him, "If you have the misfortune to come under the hands of the hangman, I shall be compelled to give you up; and he subsequently declared that he had resolved on suicide if condemned to the pillory. He was obliged to attend at the bar of the court to undergo a final interrogatory, and sent an excuse to the Prince de Monaco. After the necessary forms, tired of waiting and worn out by fatigue, he retired to the house of his sister, Madame Lépine, went to bed and fell into a deep sleep. "He slept," says Gudín, "and his judges were kept awake, tormented by the Furies, divided among themselves. They deliberated in tumult, gave their opinions in a rage, were eager to punish the author of the 'Mémoires,' recoiled from the clamours of the public, and filled the hall with their discordant cries." They at length agreed on a sentence by which they hoped to vindicate their outraged dignity without risk. They condemned Madame Goëzman to *blâme*, and to the restitution of the fifteen louis, to be distributed among the poor; her husband was put *hors de cour*, a sentence implying the forced resignation of his office. Beaumarchais was equally con-

demned to *blâme*. The punishment of *blâme* was tantamount to civil degradation: it rendered the condemned person incapable of discharging any public function, and he was to receive sentence on his knees before the Court, whilst the President spoke these words: "The Court blames thee, and declares thee infamous."

Startling as this sentence sounds, it was hailed as a triumph by the friends and partisans of Beaumarchais. All Paris left their names at his door. The Prince of Conti gave a fête in his honour, and M. de Sartines' warning reproof might almost pass for a flattery: "It is not enough to be *blamed*; one should also be modest." When such discords are produced in society, it is in a bad way, is the grave reflection of the biographer.

The sentence was one under which it was impossible to rest, and Beaumarchais was preparing to appeal against it, when he was despatched to London on a secret mission by the King, partly to get him out of the way, and partly to turn his proved boldness, tact, and dexterity to account. The reversal of the judgment was the condition of his success. The object of the mission was to buy off or silence a French journalist settled in London, who was publishing a series of libels against Madame du Barry, if the term can be applied to what was in fact the story of her life. Beaumarchais soon came to an understanding with this man, who, in consideration of 2000 francs down and an annuity of 4000 more, agreed to burn the three thousand copies already printed and the MS., and in future to make himself useful as a spy. "I found him," wrote Beaumarchais to M. de Sartines, "a daring poacher; I have turned him into an excellent gamekeeper." On returning to Versailles, to claim the reward of his services, he found Louis XV. dying. Some days afterwards he writes: "I am lost in wonder at the oddity of the fate which pursues me. If the King had lived in health eight days more, I should have been restored to my civil rights, of which I have been robbed by iniquity. I had his royal word for it, and the unjust aversion with which he had been inspired against me was changed into a feeling of predilection.

Services done to Madame du Barry's reputation were small recommendation to Louis Seize or Marie Antoinette; but they themselves were the subject of libellous publications, especially of a pamphlet aimed at the young Queen, of which two editions had been printed by

an Italian Jew named Angelucci, one to be published at London and one at Amsterdam. Beaumarchais therefore received a fresh commission, strictly secret but under the King's own hand, to whom he writes: "A lover carries the portrait of his mistress hung to his neck, a miser his keys, a devotee his reliquary. I have procured a golden box, oval, large, and flat, in which I have enclosed the order of your Majesty, and suspended it with a chain of gold to my neck, as the thing most necessary for my work and most precious to me." He saw the Jew in London, and induced him to abandon the publication for about 1400*l*. He next went to Amsterdam, and witnessed the destruction of the Dutch edition: there the Jew gave him the slip and started for Nuremberg with a reserved copy, which he intended to reprint. Beaumarchais gives chase, overtakes his man trotting quietly along at the entrance of the forest of Neustadt, near Nuremberg, grapples with him, pulls him off his horse, and ransacks his portmanteau, in which he finds the missing copy. The pursuit had led him some distance into the wood, and when, after leaving the Jew, he is returning to his postchaise in the road, he is attacked by two robbers, one of whom armed with a long knife demands his money or his life. His pistol misses fire; knocked down by a blow from behind, he receives full in his breast the thrust of a knife, which luckily encounters the gold box containing the royal order; the point glances on the metal, furrows the breast, and penetrates the chin of Beaumarchais. He regains his feet by a desperate effort, wrests the knife from the robber, the blade of which lacerates his hand, knocks the man down in his turn, and is about to strangle him; but the second assailant, who at first had taken to his heels, returns with the gang, and things were taking a fatal turn for our hero when the arrival of his servant and the sound of the postillion's horn put the brigands to flight.

With the view of effectually stopping the further operations of the Jew, Beaumarchais travels post-haste to Vienna to procure an order for his arrest; and fevered with the journey and his wounds, presents himself before the Empress Maria Theresa in so flurried a state that, despite the royal order in the gold box, she treats his story as the invention of a disordered imagination, and he is actually put under an ignominious arrest for thirty days, at the end of which arrives a letter

from M. de Sartines, and he is told he may go or remain as best pleases him. The sole compensation or apology he receives for the sufferings, losses, and affronts brought upon him by his excess of zeal, are the offer of a thousand francs from the Empress which he indignantly refuses; and the consolatory reply of M. de Sartines to his complaints: "What would you have? The Empress took you for an adventurer."

He is obliged to undertake another royal commission, a negotiation with the Chevalier d'Eon, who was too much for him and fully persuaded him that he was dealing with a woman. But we pass over the details of this affair to come to his rehabilitation, satisfactorily effected on the 6th September by a solemn decree of the Parliament which had been substituted for the discredited Parliament Maupeou. One of the first uses he made of his recovered rights of citizenship was to take part on his own account in the quarrel between Great Britain and her revolted colonies about to become the United States. His operations were conducted on a scale that gave him the importance of a belligerent; but whilst they were in preparation he brought out the "*Barbier de Séville*," composed in 1772, and acted for the first time in February, 1775. It was originally intended for an opera, with music arranged, if not principally composed, by himself. When employed upon it he wrote, "I am composing airs to my words, and words to my airs." It was rejected by the *Comédie Italienne* in this shape, and then he remodelled it as a comedy in five acts, subsequently reduced to four, for the *Français*. Expectation was on tiptoe. "Never," says Grimm, "did a first representation attract a greater number of people," and seldom was disappointment more complete. Beaumarchais makes a joke in his preface of the crest-fallen appearance of his friends, and the title of the first printed edition runs thus:

Le Barbier de Séville: Comédie en Quatre Actes, représentée et tombée sur le Théâtre de la Comédie Française.

"I was yesterday," writes Madame du Deffand (February 26, 1775) "at Beaumarchais' comedy, which was acted for the second time. It was hissed at the first; yesterday it had an extravagant success—it was exalted to the skies." Beaumarchais had the fatuity or audacity to assert that the "Barbier" buried on the Friday was the same that so triumphantly rose



from the dead on Sunday. The utmost he would allow was that he had put a deceit upon the public by reducing five acts to four. The truth, which one would have thought would have been equally flattering to his vanity — the simple truth was, that he effected a complete transformation within twenty-four hours, striking out, condensing, or polishing nearly all the passages which had disgusted or wearied an audience predisposed to be pleased. To take two examples : —

*Almavive.* — Je ne te reconnaissais pas, moi. Te voilà si gros et si gras.

*Figaro.* — Que voulez-vous, Monseigneur, c'est la misère. Sans compter que j'ai perdu tous mes pères et mères : de l'an passé je suis orphelin du dernier.

The pleasantry failed in the first representation from being overcharged, and the sentence in italics was omitted in the second. Further on, Figaro was made to say, "J'ai passé la nuit gaiement avec trois ou quatre buveurs de mes voisins." Here the sex of his boon companions raised a murmur, and in the corrected copy we find *voisins*.

The success of the "Barbier" had the incidental result of elevating the condition and establishing the rights of dramatic authors. They had hitherto been completely at the mercy of the actors, mainly through the operation of the rule that every piece, the receipts of which fell below a stated sum a single night, became thenceforth the exclusive property of the company, who might reproduce it as they thought fit without accounting to the author or asking his consent. *Ménage* thus reports the complaint of an actress, Mlle. Beaupré : "M. Corneille has done us great injury ; we had formerly theatrical pieces for three crowns which were made for us in a night. People were accustomed to them, and we gained a great deal of money. At present the pieces of M. Corneille cost us a great deal, and we gain very little." \* The principal resource of authors of all sorts in early times was the dedication ; but this was rarely available, and the foundation of those laws or customs which enabled scribe to rival the millionaires of the Bourse was laid by Beaumarchais. One of his coadjutors in this reform was Marmontel, who writes : —

Reason, strict justice, supported by your

\* The best of these three-crown pieces were supplied to order by Hardy. His celebrated Spanish contemporary, Lope de Vega, averaged 500 reals, about 5*l.*, per piece.

eloquence and your excellent judgment, are in no want of my assistance ; and here I am reminded of a story of my Limousin. A Curé devoted to the *chasse* was saying mass, and just when he came to the *Lavabo*, he heard the barking of dogs that had started a hare. He asked the clerk, "Is Briffaut with them ?" — "Yes, Monsieur le Curé." — "Then it is all over with the hare. *Lavabo inter innocentes manus meas,*" &c.

Beaumarchais was Briffaut, and the company of the Comédie Française was the hare.

Whilst this affair was still in progress, September, 1775, Beaumarchais addressed a Memoir to the King, in which he clearly foretold the pending separation of our revolted Colonies, although in estimating the temper of the British people his political sagacity, as might have been expected, was at fault : —

... The least check which the royal army receives in America, by increasing the audacity of the people and the opposition, may decide the affair at London, at a moment when it is least expected, and if the King finds himself forced to yield, I say it with a shudder, I do not think his crown more secure on his head, than the heads of his ministers upon their shoulders. This unhappy English nation, with its frantic liberty, may inspire the man who reflects with true compassion. It has never tasted the sweetness of living peaceably under a good and virtuous king. They despise us, and treat us as slaves, because we obey voluntarily ; but if the reign of a weak or bad prince has sometimes caused a momentary evil to France, the licentious rage which the English call liberty, has never left an instant of happiness and true repose to this indomitable nation. King and subjects are all equally unhappy.

In the same Memoir, after mentioning a remark made to him by Lord Rochford, he adds : —

On the other side, the Lord Mayor Wilkes, in a moment of joy and liberty, at the end of a splendid dinner, said to me publicly the following words : "The King of England has long done me the honour of hating me. For my part, I have always rendered him the justice of despising him. The time has come for deciding which of us has formed the best opinion of the other, and on which side the wind will cause heads to fall."

Beaumarchais was called the French Wilkes. The object of this and another Memoir addressed to the King was to induce the French Government to supply the Americans under the rose with arms and ammunition. The French minister, M. de Vergennes, fell in with the plan to the extent of advancing, or



causing to be advanced, two millions of livres, with which, and such other funds as he could command, Beaumarchais was to establish a commercial firm with a view to the proposed supply. He was to have arms and ammunition from the public arsenals, but on condition of replacing or paying for them, and he was to accept repayment from the Americans in products of their soil. It stood to reason that he could in no case claim French protection, and must even submit in a highly probable emergency to be disavowed. He commenced operations at all risks, hired an immense house, called the Hôtel de Hollande, in the Faubourg du Peuple, installed himself in it with officers and clerks, and in a single day the comic author was transmuted into the Spanish firm of Roderigue Hortalez & Co. His first shipment was to consist of 200 cannons and mortars, 25,000 muskets, 200,000 lb. of powder, with clothing and tents for 25,000 men. He was to send these articles to Havre and Nantes, where the American agent was to find ships, and to do this without arousing the suspicions of the English ambassador, Lord Stormont, which naturally were aroused. In point of fact, it was Beaumarchais who was the proximate cause of the immediately ensuing war between England and France. The Americans having failed to find ships, he provided them, and the first cargoes for which he had stipulated arrived just in time for the campaign of 1777, along with forty or fifty French officers whom he had enlisted in the cause. Towards the end of the year he writes to the Congress:—

Gentlemen, consider my house as the head of all operations useful to your cause in Europe, and myself as the most zealous partisan of your nation; *the soul of your successes*, and a man most profoundly filled with the respectful esteem with which I have the honour to be, &c.

RODERIGUE HORTALEZ & Co.

On December 6, 1778, he writes to one of his agents:—

Paris, December 6, 1778.

I send on to you the privateer "Zephyr," to announce to you that I am ready to put to sea a fleet of more than twelve sail, at the head of which is the "Fier Roderigue," which you sent back to me, and which reached me at Rochfort on the 1st of October in good condition. This fleet can carry from five to six thousand tons, and is armed altogether like a fleet of war. Make your arrangements accordingly. If my ship the "Ferragus," which

left Rochfort in September, has reached you, keep it to send back with my fleet.

The "Fier Roderigue" was a vessel of war, mounted with sixty guns. Off the island of Grenada Beaumarchais' fleet fell in with that of Admiral d'Estaing, who was preparing to give battle to the English under Admiral Biron. Setting the question of private property aside, he forthwith ordered the "Fier Roderigue" to fall into line: she accordingly took part in the action, and did good service, but her captain was killed, thirty-five of the crew were killed and wounded, and damage was done to the vessel which it cost 90,000 livres to repair. The Admiral addressed a formal letter of apology and congratulation to Beaumarchais; apology for the liberty taken with the "Fier Roderigue," and congratulation on the glory acquired by her. The second in command was decorated with the Order of St. Louis. Beaumarchais himself got nothing but evasive promises. Neither money nor products of their soil was forthcoming from the Americans, who pretended to believe, in the teeth of documentary evidence, that he was simply the agent of the French Government by whom the vessels and cargoes had been shipped, whilst the French Government maintained that, having acted throughout on his own personal responsibility, he had no claim for remuneration against France. The following document is enough to put the Americans completely in the wrong:—

*By Express Order of the Congress sitting at Philadelphia, to M. de Beaumarchais.*

SIR,—The Congress of the United States of America, grateful for the great efforts you have made in their favour, presents you its thanks, and the assurance of its esteem. It grieves for the misfortunes you have suffered in support of its States. Unfortunate circumstances have prevented the accomplishment of its desires; *but it will take the promptest measures for acquitting itself of the debts it has contracted with you.*

The generous sentiments and the exalted views which alone could dictate a conduct such as yours, are your greatest eulogium, and are an honour to your character. Whilst by your great talents you have rendered yourself useful to your prince, you have gained the esteem of this rising Republic, and merited the deserved applause of the New World.

JOHN JAY, President.

It is hardly credible after this that the settlement of his accounts was postponed, under one pretence or another, during his lifetime, and that it was not until he

had been thirty-six years in his grave (in 1835) that one-fourth of the balance reported due to him by no less a person than Mr. Alexander Hamilton in 1793, was paid in full of all demands to his family. There is no transaction of the United States which a due regard to the national honour should make their historians and statesmen more anxious to clear up.

In the very thick of his American enterprise, whilst he is corresponding with ministers and commissioning his fleet, this extraordinary man undertakes two editions of "Voltaire," one in ninety-two volumes. A publisher named Panckoucke, who had purchased Voltaire's unpublished manuscripts, apprehensive of a prosecution, came to propose the speculation to Beaumarchais, intimating at the same time that the Empress Catherine of Russia would cause a complete edition to be printed at St. Petersburg if prohibited in France. On hearing this he requested an audience of Maurepas, and expatiated on the disgrace it would be to France to suffer her greatest writer to be treated in this fashion.

After reflecting some moments, M. de Maurepas said to Beaumarchais, "I know but one man who would dare to run the risk of such an undertaking." "Who, my lord?" "You." "Yes, doubtless I would venture it: but after I have embarked my fortune in it the clergy will appeal to parliament, the edition will be stopped, the editor and the printers disgraced, and the shame of France rendered complete and more evident than ever." M. de Maurepas promised that the king's patronage should be given to a publication, which would have the assent of all sensible people, and which concerned the glory of his reign.

He set to work with his never-failing ardour, collected everything that had proceeded from the inexhaustible pen of Voltaire, paid Panckoucke 160,000 francs for manuscripts, founded a company under the title of "Literary, Typographical and Philosophical Society" (consisting solely of himself); sent to England (at an expense of 6000*l.*) for the most approved printing types of the period, those of Baskerville; bought three paper-mills in the Vosges, and contracted with the Margrave of Baden for the use of an old fort at Kehl, in which he set up his printing-presses, so as to be beyond the reach of the French clergy in case the protection of Maurepas should be found unavailing. It took him three years to organize his plan. He superintended everything. He was reader, editor, and publisher, at once.

The first volume appeared in 1783, and the last in 1790. Considerable difficulties were thrown in the way of the free circulation of the work, but, when these were got over, it was discovered that the demand had been extravagantly over-estimated. The subscribers did not exceed two thousand, although fifteen thousand copies had been struck off; and the very heavy losses sustained by Beaumarchais in this affair in the midst of his American embarrassments enhance our wonder at the energy and fertility of resource by which he contrived to keep his head above water to the end.

We have arrived at last at the culminating point, the crowning triumph, of his life—

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum.*

There is nothing in literary or dramatic history more curious than the composition and representation of the "Mariage de Figaro," as related by the author, handed down by tradition, or recorded from personal knowledge by contemporaries. He states in the preface to the printed play that, after the "Barbier de Séville" had fairly got possession of the stage, every one said to him aside, "Write us pieces of this kind, then; for it is only you who dare to laugh at people to their faces." An author" (he continues), "distracted by cabals and bawlers, but who sees his piece making its way, takes courage, and this is what I have done. The late Prince de Conti, of patriotic memory, publicly defied me to put upon the stage my preface to the 'Barbier,' and to produce on it the family of Figaro which I indicated in that preface. 'Monseigneur,' I replied, 'if I placed this character a second time upon the stage, as I should show him older, as he would know a thing or two more, there would be another kind of clamour, and who knows if he would ever see the light?' However, out of respect, I accepted the challenge. I composed this 'Folle Journée,' which is now making such a noise. He deigned to look at it the first. He was a man of a grand character, an august prince, a noble and proud spirit; shall I say it? He was satisfied."

"After the forced labour of business," he writes in one of his letters, "every one follows his whim in his amusements: one hunts or shoots, another drinks, a third gambles; and I, who have none of these tastes, I stitch together a theatrical piece." A garden called the Redoute had become the fashion, and one day the

Comte de Maurepas, with all the ministry, passed several hours in it. The week following, Beaumarchais called on Maurepas, and, in the course of conversation, mentioned that he had just finished a comedy, the "Mariage de Figaro." "And how, occupied as you are, did you find time?" "I, Monsieur le Comte, I wrote it on the day when the King's ministers found time to go in a body to the *Redoute*." "Are there many similar repartees in your comedy?" said the Comte; "if so, I answer for its success."

There were many better, many equally calculated to undermine authority by exposing the weaknesses of the governing and upper classes, but almost the only one amongst them who foresaw that it was a train laid for the explosion of a mine, or (more correctly speaking) who foresaw the consequences of that explosion, was the King. Madame de Campan relates that, having received a note from the Queen commanding her attendance, she went and found her Majesty alone with the King in his inner cabinet:—

A chair and a table were placed before them, and on the table lay some enormous manuscripts in several paper books. The King said, "It is Beaumarchais' comedy; you must read it to us. This will be difficult in parts, on account of the erasures and references. I have already glanced over it; but I wish the Queen to be acquainted with this work. You will say nothing to anybody about this reading." I began. The King often interrupted me by remarks, always just, whether of praise or blame. Most frequently he exclaimed, "This is in bad taste. This man is continually bringing back to the stage the habit of Italian *concelli*." At the monologue of "Figaro," but especially at the tirade against the state prisons, he rose with vivacity and said, "This is detestable. This shall never be played; it would be necessary to pull down the Bastille to prevent the representation of this piece from being dangerous. This man trifles with all that must be respected in a government." "Then it will not be played," said the Queen. "No, certainly, you may be sure of it," replied Louis XVI.

The full title is "Le Mariage de Figaro, ou la Folle Journée." It was originally "La Folle Journée," a title which, according to Beaumarchais, had long the effect of putting the expectant public on a false scent:—

Be this as it may, "La Folle Journée" remained five years in my portfolio; the players knew I had it. They tore it from me at last. Whether they have done well or ill for themselves, time will show. . . . Owing to the extraordinary eulogy that they made of it,

all classes of society wished to become acquainted with it, and thence I was obliged to engage in quarrels of all sorts, or yield to universal requests. Thenceforth, also, the powerful enemies of the author did not fail to spread abroad that he assailed in this work (which they termed at the same time a tissue of *bêtises*) religion, government, morals, all ranks of society. According to them, I had only shaken the State in the "Barber of Seville." In this new essay, more infamous and more seditious, I had turned it topsyturvy.

It would seem that he found his account in yielding to these universal requests, for every day (according to Madame Campan) one heard, "I was present, or I shall be present, at the reading of Beaumarchais' play." He prided himself justly on his mode of reading: he read from a manuscript tied with rose-coloured ribbon, and he prefaced each reading with an address (comparing himself to a yielding coquette), which the modest biographer says he should have suppressed, had it not been warmly applauded, or complacently endured, by audience after audience, composed of princesses and duchesses, cardinals and archbishops, the most virtuous ladies of the Court, and the most distinguished ornaments of the Church.

It was said that it required more wit to get this play acted than to have written it. "The struggle lasted four years. Add these to the five of the portfolio; what remains of the allusions which people force themselves to see in the work? Alas! when it was composed, all that is in flower now had not even germinated; it was quite another universe." But it was a universe much better fitted to produce the kind of audience which he desiderated, and things for which the public was not ripe in 1775, sent a quivering shock through the whole social edifice in 1784. It was the saying of Mirabeau père, "Le Colin-maillard poussé trop loin finira par la culbute générale." On the eve of the Revolution the whole of the higher class in France were playing at blindman's buff, and were rather amused than alarmed by the prospect of tumbling heads over heels in company. The Queen, the Princes of the blood, the great ladies, the great functionaries (with the single exception of the Chancellor) and, strange to say, five or six selected censors in succession, had ended by siding with Beaumarchais, when the performance announced by permission at

Versailles in June, 1783, was suddenly prohibited by royal order. "This order," says Madame Campan, "appeared an attack on public liberty. The disappointment excited discontent to such a point, that the words 'oppression' and 'tyranny' were never pronounced with more passion and vehemence in the days which directly preceded the fall of the throne." She adds that Beaumarchais declared in the anteroom of the Court theatre, "Well, gentlemen, *he* does not choose that it shall be acted here, and I do not despair of its being haply acted in the very choir of Notre Dame."

It was acted for the first time at Gennevilliers, the country house of the Count de Vaudreuil, on the occasion of a fête given to the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) and Madame de Polignac. The King's consent to this quasi-private representation was given before that of Beaumarchais was obtained, and he adroitly held out until it became clear that the complete withdrawal of the royal veto must inevitably result. The whole Court were present at these private theatricals, and the Queen was only kept away by indisposition. This first representation, however, was by no means an unqualified success, and the piece underwent some important modifications prior to the grand appeal to the general public. The King gave way at last under an expectation that it might prove innocuous after all. "Well," was his Majesty's inquiry of M. de Montesquieu, who was starting for the theatre, "what is your augury of its success?"—"Sir, I think the piece will fail."—"And so do I," replied the King. Monsieur, the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII.) went to the royal box to witness its failure. He witnessed its triumph. "There is something more mad (*fol*) than my piece," exclaimed Beaumarchais; "its success."

Never (writes Grimm) did piece attract an equal affluence to the Français. All Paris was eager to see these famous *Noces*, and the theatre was filled almost at the moment when the doors were opened to the public. Hardly half of those who had besieged them since eight in the morning could find places; the greater number forced their way in, throwing their money to the doorkeepers. It is impossible to be by turns more humble, more bold, more urgent, to obtain a favour at Court than were our young men of rank to secure a place at the first representation of "Figaro." More than one duchess deemed herself too happy on that day to find in the balconies, where women *comme il faut* are hardly ever

seen, a miserable little seat by the side of Mesdames Duthé, Carline, and company. . . .

The "Mariage de Figaro" has had, since the first representation, a prodigious success. This success, which will last, is due principally to the conception of the work—conception as wild as it is new and original. . . . At every moment the action seems approaching its end—at every moment the author sets it going, and by words almost insignificant, but which, without effort, prepare new scenes and replace all the actors in a situation as vivid, as piquant, as those that went before.

The pervading laxity of the piece was epitomized by "Monsieur" in a *bon mot* (reported by Grimm) which we cannot venture to reproduce. Grimm says on this subject:

It is the picture of actual manners, of the morals and principles of the best company; and this picture is drawn with a boldness, a *naïveté*, that might in strictness be dispensed with on the stage, if the object of a comic writer is to correct the vices and the absurdities of his age, and not confined to painting them for amusement and from taste. . . .

Moreover, it is not these somewhat hazardous situations, with certain traits more humorous than licentious, which have so long arrested the representation of this comedy. The author has indulged in the most cutting sarcasms against all who have had the ill-luck to have had anything to do with him; he has placed in the mouth of Figaro most of the events which have made his own existence so singularly famous; he treats the great with a hardihood, of which we have hitherto had no example, their morals, their ignorance and their meanness; he dares to speak mockingly of the ministers, of the Bastille, of the liberty of the press, of the police, and even of the censors. He thought he owed these last a particular token of his gratitude, and it is a hit added to the piece since the rehearsal at the Menus. Behold what it was for M. de Beaumarchais alone to dare, and to dare with success.\*

In La Harpe's description of the rush, three persons are crushed to death, one more (he slyly adds) than for Scudéry. Beaumarchais was seated in a private box (*grillée*) between two Abbés (de Calonne, the brother of the Minister, and Salathiel), whom he had invited to dine with and accompany him. His note of invitation to the Abbé de Calonne concludes: "I shall need some very spiritual comfort and aid at the moment of the crisis. I expect them from you and another ecclesiastic in a very obscure cor-

\* As to the political importance attached to this play, see "Histoire des Français," by Sismondi, continued by Amédée Renée, vol. xxx. p. 309, and M. Henri Martin's "Histoire de France," vol. xvi. p. 546.

ner. *Venite, abbates, maledicemus de auctore*; but above all let us laugh at my vexations; I only accept them at this price." In reply to a duke and peer (or president), who asked for a similar box for some ladies of the Court, he wrote:—

I have no consideration, M. le Duc, for ladies who allow themselves to see a spectacle which they think wrong, provided they see it in secret. I do not lend myself to such phantasies. I have given my piece to the public to amuse, not to instruct—not to offer to *béguicules mitigées* the pleasures of going to a private box to think favourably of it, on condition of speaking ill of it in society. The pleasures of vice and the honours of virtue,—such is the prudery of the age. My piece is not an equivocal production; it must be accepted or avoided. I am your humble servant, Monsieur le Duc, and I retain my box.

This play had a run of sixty-eight representations without a check. The fiftieth having been given for the benefit of poor mothers with children at the breast, there appeared an epigram which may be freely rendered thus:—

The mother, young, pure, undefiled—

Such charity well may deter.

The piece, which is milk to her child,

May be poison, rank poison, to her.

In another, by the Chevalier de Langeac, after a series of sarcasms against the rest of the characters—

Mais, Figaro? Le drole à son patron

Si scandaleusement ressemble,

Il est si frappant qu'il fait peur;

Et pour voir à la fin tons les vices ensemble

Le parterre en chorus a demandé l'auteur.

A resemblance so cleverly hit,

That we're startled and ask ourselves  
whether,

When the author was called by the pit,—

'Twas to see all the vices together.

M. Saint-Marc Girardin maintains that "Figaro alone constitutes all the theatre of Beaumarchais. He has but one subject and one personage—Figaro; a personage of whom he has not only created the character, but the history. The Barber, the Marriage, La Mère Coupable, form a sort of comic trilogy, a dialogue romance in three parts, of which Figaro is the hero." This is a palpable exaggeration; but it was Figaro on whom Beaumarchais relied for the political interest of his piece: it was through Figaro that he struck the deadliest blows at the monarchy and the aristocracy, and made the most telling appeals to what was already powerful enough to overwhelm both, the *Tiers Etat*. If Figaro

represented Beaumarchais, he also represented the entire audience, with the exception of the privileged classes, when, in the famous monologue, he apostrophizes the Count:—

Because you are a great lord, you believe yourself a great genius! Nobility, fortune, rank, places: all that makes so proud! What have you done for so many blessings? You have been at the trouble of being born, and nothing more: an ordinary man enough, into the bargain! Whilst I, *morbleu*, lost in the obscure crowd—I have had to display more science and calculation merely to subsist, than have been employed these hundred years to govern Spain with the Indies.

Conceive the amount of nascent or disappointed ambition, of crushed hopes, of wounded vanity, of conscious talent kept down by poverty or low birth, that must have gone to swell the plaudits, loud and long, which this apostrophe invariably called forth.

Then, again, when he alludes to the dangers of authorship and journalism:—

A question arose on the nature of riches; and as it is not necessary to possess things to reason on them, not having a sou I write on the value of money and on its net product. Immediately I see from the interior of a *fiacre* the bridge of a fortress left down for me, at the entrance of which I left hope and liberty. . . .

Tired of nourishing an obscure pensioner, they turn me one day into the street; and as one must dine though no longer in prison, I mend my pen again, and ask every one what is going on. They tell me that, during my economical retreat, there has been established a system of free-trade in productions, which extends even to those of the press; and that, provided I speak in my articles neither of authority, nor public worship, nor politics, nor morality, nor of people in place, nor of corporations in credit, nor of the opera, nor of other places of amusement, nor of anybody who belongs to anything, I may print everything freely under the inspection of two or three censors. To take advantage of this freedom, I announce a periodical, and not dreaming of encroaching on the beat of others, I call it *Journal Inutile*. *Pou-ou*: I see a thousand poor devils by the street rising against me; I am suppressed, and behold me again without employment. I was on the verge of despair: they think of me for a place; but by ill-luck, I was fit for it: an accountant was needed: it was a dancer who was appointed.

This famous monologue must always retain an historical interest, but has had little or nothing to do with the continuing popularity of the play and the operas based on it.\*

\* Mozart's opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was brought



Beaumarchais soon found to his cost how little serious impression had been made on the people in power or the high personages to whom his lessons were addressed. A more outrageous, wanton, and utterly indefensible abuse of authority was never hazarded than that of which he was the victim when his play was at the height of its popularity. One of his bitterest assailants was Suard in the "Journal de Paris," who was occasionally assisted by "Monsieur." Beaumarchais closed the controversy by a letter (6th March, 1785), in which he said, "When I have had to conquer lions and tigers to get a comedy acted, do you expect, after its success, to reduce me like a Dutch maid-servant, to beating out the vile insect of the night?" Monsieur took offence at this contemptuous metaphor as wholly, or in part, intended for him; but, keeping back the genuine grievance, he contrived to persuade the King that the lions and tigers were His Majesty and the Queen. Louis XVI. was already irritated against Beaumarchais for getting his play acted against the royal wish, and gaining a triumph where the royal critic had prophesied a fall. He was playing at cards when his brother introduced the subject, and, without pausing to consider the absurdity of the interpretation, wrote in pencil on a seven of spades an order for arresting Beaumarchais and confining him in Saint-Lazare, then a prison in the nature of a reformatory appropriated to young profligates.

Considering the age (53) and reputation of Beaumarchais—above all, that he had been employed in confidential missions by the Crown—this was, perhaps, the very worst act with which Louis Seize can be personally reproached. It was a blunder of appalling magnitude: placing the monarchy in the worst possible light when its foes were closing round it and hostile eyes were eagerly scrutinizing its weak points. When, on the morning of the 9th March, 1785, the news got abroad that the author of the "Marriage de Figaro" had been arrested the evening before in the middle of his triumph and sent to keep company with the young scapegraces of Saint-Lazare, it was treated as a joke and the first impulse of the Parisian public was to laugh. He was

depicted undergoing the punishment of whipping like a schoolboy. The next day the matter assumed a more serious aspect, and the third day, when the authorities, unwilling to give the true reason, gave none, the almost universal feeling was expressed by the journalist who, after recapitulating the facts, wound up by asking whether any one could make sure of sleeping that very night in his bed. On the fifth day Beaumarchais was released from prison, or rather (like "Figaro") turned out into the street; for he insisted on remaining till his offence was formally specified, and he wrote a Memoir repudiating *l'exécrable démençe* of the notion that he had compared his Sovereign to a tiger.

So rapid was the reaction that the King was over-persuaded into an *amende honorable*, which, however creditable to his feelings and flattering for Beaumarchais, clearly aggravated the mischief, so far as public opinion was concerned. M. de Calonne wrote to Beaumarchais that His Majesty considered his justification complete, and would seize with pleasure any opportunities for bestowing marks of favour. So far, so good; but, surely, it was an ill-chosen mark of favour to order the attendance of the whole ministry at the first representation of "Figaro" after the author's discharge from Saint-Lazare; as if for the express purpose of giving point to the phrase in the dreaded monologue: *Ne pouvant avilir l'esprit, on se venge en le maltraitant*. Or again, when "Figaro" supposes himself addressing one of these "ephemeral potentates so careless of the evil they command."

I would tell him that printed follies have no importance except where their circulation is checked; that there is no such thing as flattering eulogy without liberty to find fault; and that it is only little men that dread little writings.

Even this was not enough. The "Barbier de Séville" was represented at the little theatre of Trianon: the author was invited to be present; and the Queen played "Rosine," the Comte d'Artois "Figaro," and the Comte de Vaudreuil "Almaviva," &c.

We should infer from the distribution of parts that the object of this representation was rather the amusement of the royal circle than the indemnification of Beaumarchais, who, in point of fact, never completely shook off the ridicule of his confinement in Saint-Lazare. It was one of those insults which leave a

out at Vienna in 1786, with complete success. Rossini's *Il Barbieri di Siviglia* was first performed in Rome in 1816 or 1817. They are generally regarded as the best specimens of the comic opera; and their popularity is in a great measure due to the situations, the characters, and what has been preserved of the wit.



sense of degradation like a blow; and, sobered also by advancing years, he no longer dashed into conflict with his former spirit or wonted air of assured success. Indeed, he fairly quailed before Mirabeau in their controversy about the *Compagnie des Eaux de Paris*, which Mirabeau denounced in a flaming pamphlet as a bubble. He was then little known to fame except by the scandals of his life. His pamphlet was notoriously inspired by rival speculators who lent him money, and the company was a really useful undertaking. Beaumarchais, a director and large shareholder, was expected to put forth his peculiar powers in reply. In his happier vein he might have said with Marmion:—

Had I but fought as wont, one thrust  
Had laid De Wilton in the dust,  
My path no more to cross.

But he did not fight as wont. The avowed aim of his pamphlet in answer was simply to rectify the misstatements and miscalculations of his adversary; but, unluckily, he fell into his old manner just enough to inflict a flesh-wound without striking home. Comparing Mirabeau's pamphlets to the "Philippics," he termed them *Mirabelles*, and intimated a doubt of the purity of the motives which actuated the penman of the money-lenders. Mirabeau's rejoinder was an invective in his most trenchant manner, a genuine *Mirabelle*, in which he travestied and disfigured the whole life of Beaumarchais under the pretence of reviewing it, and held him up to public scorn in the names of order and morality. It was Satan reproving Sin, assuming everything he said to be true; and probably one reason which kept Beaumarchais quiet, was the consciousness that he could say nothing of Mirabeau that was not well known already, and could gain nothing by hanging up a companion portrait alongside of his own.

He might have made an effective commencement by relating the original cause of quarrel. Mirabeau, who was always in want of money and on the look-out for confiding capitalists, called on Beaumarchais (with whom he was not personally acquainted) as one man of wit and pleasure might call on another; and, after an animated colloquy, suddenly, with an affectation of nonchalance, requested the loan of 12,000 francs. Beaumarchais, with equal nonchalance refused. "But it would be easy for you to lend me this sum?"—"No doubt; but, Mon-

sieur le Comte, as I should be under the necessity of breaking with you when your bills fell due, I prefer doing so at once. It is twelve thousand francs in my pocket."

Four years afterwards a complete reconciliation was brought about, the first advance being made by Mirabeau, who applied to Beaumarchais to cede the purchase of a house in the Bois de Vincennes, which the great orator, then in the height of his fame, fancied as a retreat. The reply of Beaumarchais, who carried anger as the flint bears fire, begins:—"I am going to reply to your letter, Monsieur, with frankness and freedom. I have long been looking out for an opportunity to revenge myself on you. It is offered by yourself, and I avail myself of it with joy." His revenge was a graceful cession of the house, after an explanation of the circumstances which made the act a real sacrifice.

The rest of Beaumarchais' life contains incidents, speculations, and enterprises, literary, political, and pecuniary, enough to compose three or four ordinary biographies. He has another lawsuit, involving a prolonged and bitter controversy; in which, reversing his former position, he is condemned by public opinion whilst the courts declare him in the right. He composes an opera "Tarare," which defies all canons of criticism and all theories of art, yet succeeds to the extent of being the sole object of interest in occupied and revolutionary Paris three or four times over. He writes another play, "La Mère Coupable," of which M. de Loménie says:—"Weakly played at first (June, 1792), it had little success; afterwards revived in May, 1797, it completely succeeded; and even now, when it is represented by skilful actors, it produces a lively impression on the public. He built a house and laid out a garden at a cost of between sixty and seventy thousand pounds sterling, which were the plague instead of pride or comfort of his old age; inasmuch as they were at the same time the wonder of Paris and the cause of his being marked out for persecution and confiscation as an aristocrat. He contracted to supply the French Government with 60,000 muskets to be imported from Holland, then an enemy's country. On the strength of this contract he was accused of being in secret correspondence with the royalists, and compelled to take refuge in London, where he was arrested by his English correspondent, and thrown into the

King's Bench Prison, till an advance made on account of these same muskets was repaid.\* He then returned to Paris, and (March, 1793) addressed a memorial to Santerre, the dreaded brewer, beginning: "I have come to offer my head to the sword of justice if I cannot prove I am a great citizen. Save me, Citizen Commandant, from pillage and the dagger, and I shall again be serviceable to my country."

During the Reign of Terror he was a refugee at Hamburg, inscribed on the list of *émigrés*; from which he could not get his name erased until the accession to power of the Directory, when (July, 1796) he returned to Paris to find his house and garden defaced and his affairs in confusion. His politics were much in the same state as his affairs; and it would be no easy matter to determine what form of government, or what kind of religion or irreligion, he preferred. He paid fulsome compliments in bad verse to Napoleon, and wrote some foolish letters in a sceptical sense about Voltaire. Ten days before his death he wrote to Talleyrand, to protest against what he called the "murderous" commission which had decided against his claims on the State. On the 17th of May, being then in his sixty-eighth year, he spent the evening gaily with his family and a few friends. On the morning of the 18th, he was found dead in his bed, and though the palpable cause was apoplexy, a report got about that he had committed suicide with opium. He had described himself just before as

Un bon viellard, grand, gris, gros, gras.

When the wrecks of his fortune were got together, he was found to have left more than forty thousand pounds sterling, besides claims on France and the United States, and his house; so that there must have been order in his disorder, prudence in his imprudence, and calculation in his extravagance, as well as sound sense at the bottom of his *étourderie* and real goodness underlying his irregularities. Whilst there is little or nothing to be said in excuse for his folly, vanity, and laxity of

morals, it would be difficult to fix him with one selfish or ungenerous action, with anything mean or low in conduct or in thought. Not one of the many imputations on his probity in money matters would stick. He was not a great or good man, any more than a great or good writer, but his life, like his works, is lighted up by a soul or redeeming spirit from within; and, taken together, they call up the image of something higher and better than that of a brilliant, unprincipled adventurer—the descriptive phrase it is the received fashion to apply to him.

Inferior in genius to Sheridan (with whom Saint-Marc Girardin suggests a parallel), he was superior in every respect to Wilkes, whose conflict, under the double disadvantage of a damaged reputation and a shattered fortune, with the English House of Commons and the ministry, bears a striking analogy to Beaumarchais' conflict with the Maupeou Parliament. But there was this essential difference: Beaumarchais created the situation, and Wilkes was created by it. Wilkes fell back quietly into private life when the flood-tide of popularity on which he floated had ebbed away. Beaumarchais used his victory as the stepping-stone to fresh triumphs; for his strength lay in universality and versatility, in fixedness of purpose and clearness of view, in high courage, in readiness at all times for all comers, in inexhaustible, irrepressible vitality.

His actions are so blended with his works that it is hardly possible to dissociate the author from the man; and the critics who have tried to classify his writings or say smart things about his style, remind us of Figaro at work on his song: "Je voudrais finir par quelque chose de beau, de brillant, de scintillant, qui eût l'air d'une pensée." Thus Sainte-Beuve: "By mingling the old French wit with the taste of the hour a little (we should say, a great deal) of Rabelais and a little Voltaire, by throwing in a slight Spanish disguise and some rays of the Andalusian sun, he managed to become the most mirth-inspiring and stirring Parisian of his day: the Gil Blas of the Encyclopedic epoch on the eve of the revolutionary."

The broad line of demarcation which separated him from the Encyclopedists is indicated by M. Saint-Marc Girardin: "There needed some one to speak loud and clear. Beaumarchais was the man. He took up his contemporaries where Voltaire and Rousseau had left them, and led them farther on. He applied ideas to

\* About this time he carried or sent to London and deposited with the Abbé Dulau (the founder of the well-known firm of Dulau & Co., in Soho Square) for safe custody a quantity of manuscripts, including the original copy of the "Barbier de Séville." These were purchased of the firm in 1863 by M. Fournier for the Comédie Française, and have been efficiently employed in perfecting the text of the best edition of the dramatic works of Beaumarchais. See *Théâtre Complet de Beaumarchais, &c.*, par G. G. d'Heylle et F. de Marescot. Paris: Académie des Bibliophiles, vol. ii. Appendix.

things. Before him the philosophers appeared to have written letters without daring to add the addresses. Beaumarchais undertook this." At the same time it is far from clear that he contemplated or intended what ensued. Revolution lay in his way, and he found it. He had no particular wish to upset the existing order of things, so long as he could get rid of the abuses by which he was personally oppressed; and he was one among the many voluntary or involuntary workers of mischief who, when they were whirling about in the vortex, might have been seen vainly struggling to lay the spirit they had raised.

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From The Cornhill Magazine.  
WILLOWS: A SKETCH.

## PART II.

## CHAPTER III.

Peace! peace! such a small lamp illumines, on this highway  
So dimly, so few steps in front of my feet—  
Yet shows me that his way is parted from my way . . .  
Out of sight, beyond light, at what goal shall we meet?  
D. G. ROSSETTI.

I CAUGHT a cold that evening in the woods, which kept me in the house for a week, during which I did not once see Madeline, though my mind was constantly occupied with her. It is wonderful how soon one's mind gets accustomed to a new idea, and how, when once it is fairly put on the shelf as part of our regular mental stock, it loses all the glamour and mystery in which it at first confronted us. Madeline's secret, escaping unbidden in the wood and bathed in the flood of sunset colour, had assumed the intensity and solemnity of the surrounding scene; but when I came to carry it about with me as I busied myself with household duties, when I had darned it into my father's stockings, folded it up in table-linen, distributed it to the servants in half-pound packets of tea, scattered it in barley grains to my Cochinchina fowls, rattled it up and down the piano in variations upon Rousseau's Dream, and turned it inside out and upside down through the chapter of Hume's *History of England*, which it was my habit to read every morning with a view to the improvement of my mind—an end which would, I think, have been quite as much advanced during this week had the book been blank and my own eyes blind—though the secret remained a very inter-

esting fact, it had lost a good deal of the wonder and strangeness before which I had at first felt abashed. It was like Rosamond's jar in her mother's house compared with the same jar in the chemist's window. I could have talked of it now quite glibly, only, alas, there was no one to talk to, for Madeline did not come, and though I was quite sure now that the course of love was going to run smooth this time, and indeed decided about three times a day that now, at this very moment, Harry Raymond was proposing to Madeline, and she was accepting him—picturing to myself the exact spot, and the words, and looks, and tones that made up the scene—I was too loyal to my friend to betray her secret even to my father. But day after day went by—the scene was acted over and over again—now under the tulip-tree where I had seen them that afternoon, now by the lake where we had watched the sunset, now by the stile, and now under the cedar at the cottage—only, I suppose, because one was so accustomed to think of Grace as the hamadryad of that tree, when the scene was acted there one figure was always indistinct, and when Harry forced away the little brown hand that had been put up to veil the happy, blushing face, it was Grace's eyes that met his in a glance of radiant love, it was Grace's lips that formed a shy, but certain, "Yes."

Day after day went by, and each day I thought that they would come together to claim my sympathy in their happiness, and I framed pretty speeches of congratulation as I watched from my window for their coming. Then I grew impatient and resentful. Was Madeline selfish in her joy? Was love a jealous despot, whose reign must be inaugurated by the death of friendship?

Suspense at last became intolerable, and I made up my mind that my cold was well, put on my hat, and set out for the cottage. I had not gone many steps along the lane, before I spied Madeline coming. But could it be Madeline? I had pictured her tripping along on Harry's arm, radiant, transfigured almost as she had seemed in the moment when she sighed, "Oh, Janet, I am so happy;" and here was a pale, sad woman hurrying towards me with the uncertain gait of a tired, hunted creature. She did not put out her hands to me this time: they were nervously clutching the folds of the light summer cloak which she strained across her bosom as if she needed shelter

and defence; she did not look at me—her eyes were fixed upon her hands. She only said very low, "Come with me, Janet," and passed through a turnstile into a ploughed field on the other side of the hedge. I followed her across the uneven ground as one follows an apparition in a dream—without wondering, almost without consciousness. We crossed a second field full of poppies and cornflowers, and coarse, rank grasses. We came to a third, where the corn stood high on either side of a narrow footpath. Here she stopped, and I stopped with her. Still she did not speak. I could bear it no longer. "Madeline, Madeline," I murmured, "what is it?"

I knew, but I would not know.

Still there came no answer. Only the poor hands ceased their nervous movement, and the sad eyes looked up at mine. It was then I noticed for the first time an expression that I have seen oftentimes since, and have come to know as the unerring mark of suppressed pain—an almost imperceptible uplifting of the eyebrows at the inner angle. It is not a frown, it is hardly a contraction, it is so slight that it makes no wrinkle on the forehead, but yet so marked that it changes the whole meaning of the face, adding to it in a moment the suffering of a lifetime. This look of strain, for that perhaps is the word that best fits it, is common enough in old faces—indeed I think with them its absence is the exception—but in young faces it is happily rare, and when we chance to meet with it it strikes us as something unnatural, almost uncanny. As I now looked at Madeline, the ghastly thought came to me that she was mad, and my blood curdled.

Of all horrible panics to which the human mind is subject, I know none more horrible than this—to think the friend who has been to us as a second self, a nobler, wiser, larger self, with whom we have enjoyed the most intimate interchange of thought and sentiment, has passed over the barrier so difficult of definition, on the one side of which lie order and sanity, and on the other a mysterious anarchy, a wreck and ruin of the faculties of head and heart, that are only rendered the more pitiable by the ineffectual struggles of hard-dying reason to reassert her sway over the chaos—a night of which the darkness is only made more hideous by a dim irradiation, that is like the phosphorescence of decaying matter.

It is difficult as we hang over the

corpse of one whom we have loved to feel that there is any identity between our living friend and the lifeless clay, and in this very difficulty the mourner often finds comfort, since if this is not the friend of whom he has so clear an image in his mind, whose voice he can still hear in the silence of the death-chamber, it may be that the scene around him—the darkened windows, the gaping coffin, the grave-clothes, and the gloom—are but a dream of delirium, and that he has only to tear himself away from these and go out into the fresh air and bright sunshine to find his friend again in all the vigour of life. But when the form before us is quick and breathing, when the physical organs are acting, when the limbs execute their functions, and we can trace with certainty the features that we know—then there is no room left to doubt identity, and yet we shrink from acknowledging it, shrink from embracing the form from which we think the mind has flown, shrink from addressing it in speech, lest we provoke it to answer in wild ravings, ghastly as the shrill laugh of the hyena that mocks the lost child calling on its mother in the forest.

Madeline dispelled the nightmare by speaking. Her voice was changed, but there was no hollow ring of madness in it. She spoke in the level tones of stringent self-restraint—

That hard dry pressure to the point,  
Word slow pursuing word in monotone.

"It was all a mistake, Janet; I have been a fool, blind, mad. He never cared for me, never in that way." Then, her voice rising to an accent of passionate reproach, "Why did you not tell me, you who were only looking on? Oh, Janet, why did you not warn me?"

"Warn you——" I stammered.

"Yes, warn me—tell me what you must have seen, what all the world seems to have known except myself—that Harry was in love with Grace."

"Good God!" I cried, "I never knew it." And yet had I been entirely in the dark? had there been no half conscious recognition of this thing in those deep regions of the brain where the soundings of modern psychology discover records of miraculous accuracy, judgments that are divinations, and divinations that are almost prophecies? had I had no hint of it in that picture under the cedar tree, in which Madeline's form passed into Grace's like the changing figures of a dissolving view?

Madeline was calm again, calm and sweet like her own self. It was so usual with her to soothe and comfort, so unusual to inflict pain, that in a moment she forgot the wound through which her own life-blood was ebbing, to remove the smart her reproachful words had caused me. Her arms were round my neck and her cheek against mine.

"Forgive me, Janet, I was unjust. Oh, Janet, Janet, it is the worst part of grief that it makes one cruel and suspicious."

"Poor child," I murmured, "poor darling." And neither of us spoke again for some minutes. Then I said —

"Tell me about it if it will do you good."

"Yes, yes," she answered, "I came to tell you. I must talk about it once, just once to you and then I must bear it all the rest of my life alone."

We sat down in the narrow foot-path, crushing back the ripe corn that waved over our heads. I waited for her to speak, and while I waited my mind seemed a blank. The caw of the rooks from the neighbouring elms fell on my ears, and the shout of boys in the far off playground. This tragedy coming suddenly into my life frightened me. I did not understand it, I could not think of it. Perhaps this passive attitude best suited the occasion.

"It was last night, Janet," Madeline began in a low hurried voice, "last night by moonlight. All day I had been so happy, thinking of him; it seems to me now that, without exactly knowing it, I have been always thinking of him for months past. I had lost all doubt and fear yesterday. I was happy and confident. And he came in after tea and was kind and gentle — you know, he is always kind and gentle."

I was on the point of breaking out in bitter satire on this kindness and gentleness that had lured my friend to such cruel disappointment, but she stopped me sternly —

"I know what you would say, but you shall not say it. He is not to blame — not he, not Grace, not any one, no, not even my poor silly self. I told you the other day that I was not ashamed, and you said I need not be because it would all come right. It has not come right, and still I am not ashamed. But, Janet, if you could ever make me believe that he flirted with me and deceived me, if you could ever make me think that he was unworthy, then, I think that I should die of shame. You may think what hard

things you will of me, Janet, though I want your love very much, but you must never think of him as other than the truest, noblest, purest of men. Janet, I do believe that I glory in having loved him."

A hysterical sob interrupted her. Soon she began again in the quiet voice.

"But I was telling you how it happened. He came in after tea, and he was kind; we were all there, and we talked pleasantly. Then the little ones went to bed and I went up with them. When I came down, as I passed through the hall, I heard their voices — Harry's and Grace's — in the garden, for the door was open, so I went out to join them. Janet, even then I had no suspicion. They were talking under the cedar, and when they saw me they came towards me, and Harry said (here her voice broke a little) — he said, 'This is nice — Madeline will be the first to wish us joy.' Janet, I thanked God for the darkness, for I think I must have turned as white as a ghost — I felt so cold and dead. But they could not see me, and though, by the time I could speak, it seemed to me as if a hundred years had gone by, I don't think it could really have been many seconds that I waited, for they did not seem to have noticed anything strange."

"How could you bear it? What did you say, what did you feel?" I asked.

"What I felt? Ah, that was the strangest part of all. I felt like my own ghost. I knew that there was a poor dead Madeline close by, but I did not think of her — I did not care about her. It seems to me that I *felt* nothing, but I knew that Grace and Harry were standing before me, and that they were very glad and that they wanted me to be glad with them, so I said what was quite true, that it would be very good to have Harry for a brother. We went in then and all the rest of the evening was like a dream. Mamma was happy and kept saying that she had always looked for this, and the children were amused and teased Grace, and I went on feeling like a ghost. Oh! Janet, I believe I am a ghost," and she smiled sadly.

"I believe you are an angel," I answered.

"They will be very happy," she said.

I could say nothing.

"You must be glad for them," Madeline said; "I shall be soon — I am now almost. Oh, Janet," and then she laughed, "I have sometimes been angry with you



when you have tried to persuade me that disagreeable things were all for the best, but now I think I am going to take up your philosophy—I believe it is best as it is. I don't think great happiness would be good for me. It turns my head and makes me selfish—even a very little of it makes me talk nonsense as a little wine does some people, you know," and she laughed again. "Now, Grace is different. She was born to be happy and loved and petted. Poor Grace, what would she do, if sorrow came to her? It would be as bad for her as happiness would be for me. Besides I am going to be happy—one can be happy without a husband, you know."

"Madeline," I broke out vehemently, "if there is justice in heaven, you will be happy."

She shook her head sadly; her philosophy had not convinced herself. Then she rose and led me back through the fields and along the lane to the cottage. We said little as we went, nothing beyond remarks on the trees and hedges and the shifting summer clouds. Only when we came near to the house she said in a voice of decision—as if she were pronouncing a sentence—"We must never speak of this again, never—mind."

And I answered, "As you wish, dear."

She kept her resolution bravely; only once again did she even approach the subject. It was on the evening of the wedding-day. She and I had been bridesmaids, and I was to spend the night at the cottage, sleeping in her room in the bed that had belonged to Grace. She had borne up nobly all day, doing everything for everybody and making bright talk when things began to flag as they will on wedding-days. But when all was over and every one was in bed except ourselves and we were alone in her room, then that sad strained look came back into her face, and she groaned, "Oh Janet, one grows hard with trampling down one's heart. Must I grow hard?" and a great burst of tears came to her relief. That was all. It seemed to be as she had said—the old Madeline was dead and the ghost did not think about her.

#### CHAPTER IV.

And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,  
Than speak against this ardent listlessness;  
For I have ever thought that it might bless  
The world with benefits unknowingly.

ENDYMION.

We found a very happy group assembled on the lawn at the cottage. Grace

was sitting under the tree with the blue cups before her, and Harry was hovering over her, professedly helping to make tea, but in reality—well, never mind what he was really doing—some people are impatient of that kind of thing, though for my part I am inclined to regard it as a pleasant variety in life. One hears so much snapping and snarling in the world, that I wonder people should not be more tolerant of a little cooing now and then. Lady Raymond and Mrs. Barnard were walking up and down the path, talking a duet in praise of their children. I caught a word here and there.

"Such a graceful, sweet creature; just the wife for my boy," said Lady Raymond.

"Yes, yes; she will settle him, I dare say," said Mrs. Barnard, who could not bring herself to quite approve of Harry's heterodoxy in spite of a strong disposition to think that everything connected with the Dene—a house so much larger than her own, and withal so friendly—must be right. "Young men get ideas, if they don't marry."

Lady Raymond did not answer. I think she was half nettled by the reflection on her son implied in Mrs. Barnard's words, and half amused by her odd way of talking about ideas, as if they were an epidemic disease against which young men must be guarded as children are guarded against measles and scarletina. And again, a moment later—

"They are a well matched pair—both tall; and Grace so pretty, though she is my own child."

"And Harry—well, you shall find out for yourself what a good son Harry is," and Lady Raymond's eyes glistened.

I was pleading just now for a little tolerance for spooning; I think I needed to be taught the lesson myself at that moment. Seeing Harry and Grace so happy under the tree, and thinking of my poor Madeline, I felt myself growing very bitter: I had a mad impulse to blurt out the secret that would have turned their happiness to gall, and I believe it was only Madeline's look that restrained me. They had not seen us yet: and in the strong sense of repulsion with which the scene affected me, I think I should have endeavoured to escape before I could be called in to take part in it, had not a look from Madeline—an imploring one this time—again restrained me. The children were the first to see us, and they came running towards us with a chorus of observations on the subject.



Had I guessed, or had Madeline told me? Was I glad? Was I surprised? &c., &c., to all of which I answered as I best could; and then Lady Raymond and Mrs. Barnard stopped in their pacing up and down, and claimed my congratulations with a quiet confidence that I must be as glad as they were, and an utter want of suspicion of the tragedy that was being acted under their very eyes that were unutterably hateful to me.

But a narrow field of vision is not without its advantages. A multiplicity of ocular impressions is confusing, and it must be confessed that blinkers, in spite of recent revolt against them, do help one to follow a straight course without distraction. After all, what is the power of concentration so much vaunted in art but narrowness at will—the faculty of seeing one thing clearly, and filling in the remainder of the picture with more attention to artistic requirement than to actual circumstance? Lady Raymond and Mrs. Barnard were both so sure that this match between their children was matter of rejoicing for all our little world that their imaginations supplied the expressions of sympathy I could not bring myself to utter, and while I was conscious of an indignant resentment that I could scarcely keep from breaking out into words, I heard Mrs. Barnard complacently saying that she had known Madeline would be as glad as any one.

Then I saw Grace and Harry coming up and I felt myself almost choking. I think for a moment I cursed them in my heart, but only for a moment. Great happiness is a thing so beautiful, so good and lovable, and, alas, so rare, that I think it must always disarm hate, except, perhaps, in natures that have been warped by wrongdoing, or embittered by injustice. And so, when these two stood before me, and I saw their happy pride in one another, and that pride in themselves which is the only winning form of self-conceit—the pride of knowing oneself loved by the one being whose love is deemed most worthy—then I experienced a strange revulsion of feeling, and it was with genuine gladness that I put out a hand to each and said—

“I do indeed wish you joy—all the joy that life can hold.”

The next moment I wondered at myself, but I had plunged into sympathy, and there was no withdrawing any more. It was just then that Harry's dog rose from his lair under the tea table, shook himself meditatively, and then trotting up

to Madeline, thrust his nose into her hand. Madeline stooped to caress him, and when she raised her head again, I saw that there were tears in her eyes. It may be a foolish fancy, but I shall never persuade myself that this sudden demonstration on the part of old Rough was quite accidental. I believe that he alone of all present had an instinct that amid all this rejoicing there was a lonely heart that needed sympathy. It *could* not be accident, else why did he stay by her all the rest of the afternoon, lying at her feet when she sat down, and following her closely when she moved about.

I think, when we are very sad, this mute sympathy of the lower animals is the sweetest that can be offered to us. They do not reason with us; they ask no questions; they suggest no other ways things might have gone—ways possible yesterday, impossible to-day and for evermore. They cannot tell us what we often know only too well, that we have but ourselves to blame; they merely feel that we are sad, and lay themselves at our feet in token that they are willing to share our sadness, and to them, as to no human being, we pour out our whole heart. They are not critical, so there is no occasion for reserve; they do not know propriety, so we need not be ashamed. The only thing that is impossible, as we look into their patient, trustful eyes, is to be false. Falsehood must be very deeply ingrained in the man who can lie to his favourite dog.

This dog of Harry's was a rough un-beautiful creature of nondescript breed and surly disposition. Harry had brought him down from London one evening, telling us that he had fastened himself upon him in the streets one day as he was returning to his chambers; that he had tried to drive him off, but the dog persistently followed him to the door. “I gave him some supper on the doorstep,” Harry had said, “for he looked half-starved, poor devil, and then shut the door upon him, feeling rather a brute for not taking him in; when I came out next morning there he was still, so of course I adopted him.” Of course. Appeals to Harry Raymond were seldom made in vain, though, hearing him talk about himself, you might have concluded him to be the incarnation of hard-hearted cynicism. That is, if you were unskilled in the language of looks and tones—a language that weak creatures generally know well, for it is to them an important branch of knowledge, saving them many a rebuff,

which, wanting it, they might incur by ill-judged advances. And so all weak creatures instinctively loved and trusted Harry—women and children—all who were conscious of being any how disadvantaged in the struggle for existence. There was about him a kindly humorous tolerance that made him merciful even to ugliness and stupidity.

So Rough lay at Madeline's feet, while Harry stretched himself out at Grace's—like Hamlet at the feet of Ophelia, Mrs. Barnard suggested, but Grace said—"No; he is like old Rough," and she ran her fingers through his brown hair, and called him her good old dog, till he put up his hand and caught hers to kiss and fondle it. And Lady Raymond called them silly children, and confided to me in a stage whisper that she feared it was all over now with Harry's philosophy and philanthropy, and Madeline made a very unnecessary clatter and bustle among the cups and saucers, justifying herself, when her mother remonstrated, by the plea that Grace had put a larger infusion of poetry than usual into the tea to-day, and that that and Harry's philosophy combined had had on the tea-things the effect that has been before ascribed to too much learning. Poor Madeline, she made her little joke bravely, but the tears would come, and she bent down again to stroke the dog.

Our talk was jerky. We were all thinking of the same thing, but each in a different vein, and it was difficult to us to talk about it—to all of us, except Mrs. Barnard, whose thoughts had gone out upon the line of wondering what various friends and members of the family would think of the engagement.

"I wonder what the Dawsons will think?" she said meditatively. As nobody seemed inclined to follow her in this speculation, I answered with becoming seriousness, "I wonder?"

Then, after a pause, "And the Marstons." "Yes."

Another pause, during which Harry twisted a spray of honeysuckle into Grace's hair, and Madeline made ineffectual efforts to get the unaccomplished Rough to stand on his hind legs and beg. "I think George Henderson will be surprised."

Again the burden of response fell on me. "I dare say he will."

"Yes, I am sure he will—very much surprised—don't you think so?" and she turned to Madeline this time.

"Oh, no," she said; "George Hender-

son is never surprised. He has probably calculated the chances for and against the marriage, and ascertained that nothing short of a violent infringement of the laws of nature could have prevented it."

There was a flavour of bitterness in Madeline's remarks this afternoon, but happily in the general satisfaction it passed unnoticed, excepting by myself. For me, I yearned to lead her away, and comfort and caress her once more, as she had let me do in that short hour in the cornfield, when she had abandoned all attempt at self-restraint and flung herself unreservedly on my sympathy. I longed to stretch out my arms to her, and bid her let flow the tears that stood in scalding drops upon her lids, but I dared not so much as allow my eyes to meet hers.

Suddenly a peal of merry laughter broke from the children who were standing in a group a few yards away, and two little ones came running up to us.

"Isn't she silly, Grace?" asked one shrill voice, "she won't believe that Harry is going to be our brother."

"He's too big," says the other little one, "a great deal too big. He's quite a man, and so he can't be, can he, Maddy?"

All the brothers at the cottage are boys in jackets, and Dora can generalize as well as her elders.

"And don't you think it would be very nice to have a big brother?" said Madeline—she spoke without bitterness this time.

"I don't know," said the little woman sturdily. Children reconcile themselves with difficulty to new arrangements. With them whatever is, is best, and change means change for the worse. It is only as we grow older that a restless craving for novelty comes over us, and we turn with sick hearts from an imperfect present to a future, to be in turn discarded as it too is weighed and found wanting. We all begin life as conservatives.

"And what is still more wonderful, Dora," says Grace, "Harry is going to be my dog, and lie at my feet, and fetch and carry for me as old Rough does with him, you know."

"That's nonsense," says Dora, with calm contempt and so dismisses the subject. "Tell us a story, Maddy, do," and both the little girls begin clambering into Madeline's lap.

"What shall it be? I can't think of any stories just now," and Madeline rubs her forehead wearily.

"Oh, anything," says Dora. "'The old woman who went to market her eggs for to sell,' and Rough shall bark when she goes home, and Harry too, if he is going to be Grace's dog."

And Madeline begins without more ado to repeat the foolish rhymes, and as I listen to her I feel there is an infinite pathos in the silly words told in the dreamy absent voice, in which I detect an almost imperceptible quaver. She has not done her part well, and the children get excited and clap their hands, and Rough barks too, and this time it is pronounced a great success, while Madeline murmurs over and over to herself—*"This is none of I."*

After tea we all walked up to the Dene. Lady Raymond claimed Madeline's arm for support, since she had lost her usual staff, she said with a wicked glance at Harry who was lingering behind with Grace—while I followed with Mrs. Barnard.

As I looked back I wondered of what they two were talking. Not philosophy, I thought, this time—not politics or science; and I found myself wondering further whether men even of the better sort, in choosing their wives, have regard chiefly to the degree in which they possess that faculty of uncritical sympathy of which I have spoken as reaching its climax in our days, and whether this rather negative capacity which we are, perhaps, justified in rating almost as a defect in an independent individual, may not, with equal justice, take rank as a quality in one who is chosen to be the complement of a stronger nature. I did not know that I was venturing on the great battlefield of a later day.

#### CHAPTER V.

We must bury our dead joys,  
And live above them with a living world.  
ARMGART.

I do not like to dwell on the interval between the engagement and the wedding. Happily the time was not long. The six years' close intimacy that had existed between the cottage and the Dene put out of court any plea for time for better acquaintance, and as Harry and Grace were to live with Sir Thomas and Lady Raymond at the Dene, there was no occasion to delay out of consid-

eration for Mrs. Barnard, who, under the circumstances, could hardly be said to be losing her daughter at all. We were then in the last days of July, and when Harry pleaded that the wedding might take place on a late day in August, so that they might have the bright weather of early autumn for their honeymoon, no objection was made, and the last day of August was fixed upon. Both Madeline and I were glad that it was so. Madeline possessed in a high degree the faculty—invaluable in large natures, but very fatal in small ones—of forcibly putting aside painful thoughts and throwing all the energies of heart and mind into the work of the moment. This faculty is the one safeguard of strongly sensitive natures; they cannot trust themselves to skim the waters of anguish—they know that the waves will pass over their heads, however they may resolve but to dip in the sole of their foot; for them there is no middle course between total abstinence and the unbridled licence of the drunkard; they must turn resolutely from the precipice before them, for if they but cast one look over the brink, an irresistible impulse will urge them to throw themselves into the abyss; they must strangle their emotions in the cradle, for they know that they will develop into giants from whose grasp they will be powerless to extricate themselves. To such, active work is salvation. Wanting it, they either become morbid or adopt a defensive armour of affected cynicism, which too often ends in real hardness of heart. As Madeline said—one grows hard by trampling down one's heart. There are some who recognize this truth, and make of it the key-note of a philosophy of licence: there are others who recognize it no less, but who see in it the expression of a need of human nature to be met only by a systematic cultivation of unselfish sympathies and a religious dedication of life to the service of others.

Madeline, following the sure instinct of a healthy nature, welcomed the multifarious bustle and activity that pervaded the cottage during the month of preparation for the wedding, and was thankful that she had work enough on her hands to fill every moment of the day.

While Grace and Harry dreamed away the summer days on the lawn and in the woods, she devised garments and directed needlewomen, made estimates of necessary expenses, and listened with unwearying patience to Mrs. Barnard's

often reiterated hopes and fears and wonderings.

Mrs. Barnard's was one of those minds that occupy themselves by preference with the negative aspect of things. Her life seemed to consist in the multitude of things she did not possess. Had her astronomical studies gone so far as to acquaint her with the fact that there were spots in the sun, she would have thought of the sun from that moment as a thing that had spots in it. There could be no doubt that her daughter's engagement to Harry Raymond was, of all possible events, the one most calculated to afford her satisfaction. From a worldly point of view — and this was a point of view which, in a disguised form, was not unfamiliar to Mrs. Barnard — it was a very good match for Grace. Harry came of a good family and was heir to a fine estate and a fair fortune. Then Mrs. Barnard liked the Raymonds — they were *nice* people, and had been kind to her. When she had come to the neighbourhood six years ago, with nothing to recommend her as a desirable acquaintance but her worn-out, languid beauty and her ladylike weeds, Lady Raymond had been the first woman to call on her and offer such neighbourly help and kindness as it is still possible in the country for poor gentility to accept from wealthier neighbours without losing caste. The children had been made free of the Dene woods and gardens. Fruit and vegetables from the hothouses and gardens, books from the library, and all those little extras and luxuries of life which are so much matters of course in the houses of the rich that they hardly think of them as costing money at all — but which are only known to people with what are called limited incomes, as bearing prohibitive prices — flowed in a constant stream from the big house to the cottage; so that Madeline, when by-and-by she began to think for herself and to express opinions on matters beyond home life, and it happened that those opinions were of the kind to which the terrible adjective socialistic and communistic are applied, would laughingly excuse herself by saying that, if she had acquired communistic views, Lady Raymond herself was mainly responsible for them, by having allowed her to grow up in the belief that all the good things at the Dene were the common property of the two households. Mrs. Barnard liked the match — that is, she would have felt that she had lived in vain if it had not come about,

and yet to hear her talk sometimes, one would have thought that it cost her a great effort to allow it to go on. The trousseau was a great trouble to her. Madeline and I tried to make her take the common-sense view that, as Grace Raymond would be able to have many more clothes than Grace Barnard had ever possessed, it really was not a matter of vital importance to make every sixpence of the sum devoted to the outfit do the duty of a shilling, but Mrs. Barnard thought the trousseau should be of a quantity and quality that accorded with things at the Dene rather than with things at the cottage, and so all the ingenuity in the house was taxed to the uttermost to make as good a show as possible. Then there were Harry's heterodox views. I must own I had a malicious pleasure in drawing Mrs. Barnard out on this subject. She attached a great deal of importance to the stock of phrases and observances which she called her religion, and by which she believed she lived, and it was a matter of real distress to her that her future son-in-law should scout them all — the more so as the acceptance of them was the correct thing among that class of people whom Mrs. Barnard called *nice*, and whom to resemble in all points was her constant aspiration. "It was so sad about poor Harry," she would say. "Oh what? has anything happened to him?" I once asked wickedly.

"Oh, no; nothing particular. I was thinking about his opinions."

"Ah!"

"It would be such a blessing, if Grace should be the means of bringing him to a better mind."

"His views are very extreme," I said; "but then he is so much better and nicer than anybody else."

"Yes, it is just that," answering the first part of my remark, and neglecting the rest; "they are *extreme*. It seems to me that he might do a little more like other people. For instance, I don't see why he should go about in a shooting-coat on Sunday."

"Perhaps if you asked him, he wouldn't mind giving up that," I suggested.

"I think I will try." And then, with some *naïveté*, she added, "On the whole I think I would rather he had the opinions he has than that he had joined any of those vulgar dissenting people."

I think she was right. A son-in-law who preached in the open air and went to chapel would have been a good

deal more distasteful to her than one who eschewed church and chapel with impartiality.

But sometimes Mrs. Barnard's self-pity would take a line that was too much for my patience. She would wonder how on earth they would get on without Grace, talking of her as if she were the mainspring, without which the whole machine must collapse, while the real mainspring sat by marking G. R. on cambric handkerchiefs with heroic industry.

It was a relief to both Madeline and me when the wedding-day was over; and in the general dulness and reaction after the bustle of preparation, listlessness and langour needed neither explanation nor concealment. We were constantly together at this time, reading, walking, talking together; but we never talked on the one subject that was uppermost in the minds of both of us. With all her sweetness and gentleness there was a certain force about Madeline that made it impossible to disregard her imperative moods, and when she said, "We must never talk of this again, never—mind," I felt that she meant really never, and that not all our friendship would avail to win forgiveness for me if I should venture to set aside the injunction. I often felt it very hard when I saw the trouble in her face, and heard it in her voice, to be unable to make any sign of sympathy, and had it not been that she would often by some mute token, show me that she had divined my feeling, I fear that I should not always have had strength to forbear.

Letters came from the bride and bridegroom telling of their delight in the beautiful lake scenery, of sunsets and sunrises, of walks and rows by moonlight—letters to the cottage full of Harry's goodness and wisdom, "so much beyond what anybody who was not married to him could possibly guess"—letters to the Dene setting forth all Grace's charm and loveliness—letters that were almost hymns of rapture and praise. And the letters were handed round the breakfast-table, and the mothers met and talked over their children, neither listening much to what the other said, nor caring much, so long as no one contradicted their praises of their own.

And then they came home; and I think that was the hardest time of all for Madeline—so hard that I cannot write of it.

## CHAPTER VI.

I can never shrink  
Back into bliss—my heart has grown too big  
With things that might be.

SPANISH GYPSY.

THE woods at the Dene turned gold and brown in the bright September suns; the chill winds of October whistled through them, and the dry leaves, answering one by one to their call, detached themselves from the trees, and floated silently on to the moss carpet till its soft green was hidden away under a winter covering of russet brown. Then came November fogs, like a grey curtain that shuts out all warmth and sunlight, and bright December frosts bringing a glow of life and energy, and then the dark cold days of January and February, when last summer seems so far away that it is scarcely possible to recall to mind its warmth and beauty, and we lose faith in their return, till at last the dulness is broken by the rush of wild March winds sweeping across the downs and through the woods, like heralds who announce with blare and bluster the coming of a king. And the tender buds peep through the bark to listen, and the snow-drops push up their heads through the frost-bound earth, and the primroses and the violets open their eyes, and all wait and watch for the coming of the summer.

And we, too, waited and watched with a pleasant passive expectation.

One afternoon of that sweet spring-time stands out with peculiar distinctness in my memory—one of those soft balmy days of early May, for the full enjoyment of which we must be in a purely passive state of mind. We must cease for a few hours to be busy and purposeful. If we stay at home we must sit by the open window and give ourselves up to basking in the mellow sunlight; if we go abroad it must be only to stroll through the lanes and meadows. The man who wants an object for his walk is unfit for the enjoyment of spring. We must cast aside the burdensome sense of moral responsibility; we must decline all intellectual effort; we must disbelieve in any existence higher or better than that of a minnow in a sunny pool, or of turtle-doves cooing in the pinewoods—in short, if we would be in harmony with nature we must yield ourselves for the moment to the purest sensuous enjoyment. If we can comply with these conditions we shall find that such days, if not among the highest, are certainly among the sweetest of our lives.



On such days we soften towards one another, we are indulgent of weaknesses—indeed we rather like them and find it only difficult to tolerate persons of moral fibre so tough that it will not bend to the solicitations of the hour—persons who can read blue-books, solve mathematical problems, buy and sell on 'change—in short employ themselves as usefully as if the thermometer were at zero and they had breakfasted by gaslight.

On the afternoon of such a day as this we were sitting on the terrace at the Dene, Grace as usual being the central figure of the group. Grace was looking this evening even prettier than when we saw her last. Madeline had been right—happiness was very good for her; it added to her beauty the one thing that had perhaps been wanting to it before—a certain animated radiance. She wore a gown of some soft floating stuff of that peculiar dreamy blue that one seldom sees out of Sir Joshua's pictures, and a wide straw-hat with a bunch of wild-flowers in it. The bright little flushes came into her cheeks with more than the old frequency, and there was a glow of deeper feeling in her eyes. It was pleasant to see her and Harry together: the little flirting ways, for which we had laughed at them during their courtship and their earlier married months, had given place, on his side, to a tender chivalrous protection, and, on hers, to a quiet loving trustfulness. There was something in their bearing towards one another that betrayed a common consciousness of a deepened seriousness and a growing responsibility in their life, by the side of which the little wiles and coquetry of the days when Harry lay at Grace's feet, and she played with his hair and called him her old dog, seemed puerile.

For above and beyond that general sense of expectation with which the air is laden in spring-time, those May-days were fraught for Grace with the deep personal hope that is the sweetest hope a woman's heart can know.

And Madeline was there too—not quite the old Madeline, with the laughing light in her eyes and the heart that in its own entire singleness wondered how any one could live two lives at once, nor yet the Madeline of those sad days of July and August when the lesson she had deemed beyond her strength was being rapidly learnt under the terrible impulse of necessity. No, the Madeline who sat with us on the terrace this afternoon was

not quite either of these. Her manner was quieter than it had been in the old days; she talked less, and when she talked her tones were more equable, though she could still be vehement at times. If any was rash enough in her hearing to sneer at aught that was good and true, to cast her heroes in the dust, or try to bring down to the level of his own wretched attainment her high standard of right and truth, then the old fire came back, her colour rose and her words came fast and thick, with a low nervous utterance and a profusion of gesture that are rare in the Anglo-Saxon race. But these outbursts were rare, for she was very little combative, and she shrank from discussing subjects on which she felt deeply with those to whom they were only an occasion for flippant epigram and cynical detraction. The impression she habitually gave was one of calm repose. I have sometimes wondered that a girl who spoke so seldom of herself and her own personal interests should have escaped the imputation of reserve, but I suppose the explanation lay in the fact that she was ever ready to listen sympathizingly to the personal talk of others; for people in general do not become analytically critical of our manner, till we provoke them to it by our own egotism or dulness, and our reserve is measured not by the much we may be keeping back but by the little we give out. Madeline talked with ready interest on matters of general moment and entered into the private interests of her friends as fully as they could wish. Why then should people concern themselves to wonder what stores of serious thought and sacred experience she kept under jealous lock and key? It is true she sometimes seemed abstracted and would start as if from a dream when suddenly addressed, but then she was quickly attentive; and it is only the hopelessly unreasonable among us who insist on our friends' minds being always in the condition of blank paper on which we may write the first trivial remark that occurs to us, and who deem it a serious offence that they should be thinking of something else when we are just going to remark upon the weather or the colour of a gown.

George Henderson was with us, and I think he too had changed a little. He was a shade less dogmatic than he used to be—a shade more poetical; especially he was changed in his manner to Madeline, which was now full of solicitous deference, whereas, as we may re-

member, it had once been so arrogant and so didactic as to provoke her almost to hatred.

And Mrs. Barnard was there with her crochet-work, listening with respectful appreciation to the enunciation of Sir Thomas's views on European politics, which were of a rather vague character, the most definite opinion he could bring himself to express being that "France was going to the dogs, and that perhaps if he had been a younger man —" But as to what might have been expected in that case he never committed himself further than by a shrug of the shoulders and a meditative "Ah, well."

Mrs. Barnard's mind, when she was once satisfied that the medium in which she found herself was of a kind that warranted confidence — and of this she could have no doubt when it consisted of one of the best families of the county — was of an infinitely receptive and sympathetic quality. It was pleasant to her to agree, and she could agree very pleasantly. I know not how it was, but you might talk to her on a subject quite outside her range of thought, you might advance views upon it which she was entirely incapable of understanding, you might have a thorough intellectual assurance that you were leaving her far behind, and yet, with so perfect a tact, so admirably graduated an emphasis did she put questions and signify assent, that you must have been more than mortal if you could escape the flattering conviction that you had been fortunate enough to obtain a listener who was as superior to the ordinary run of her sex in discriminative power as she went beyond them in appreciation of yourself. I can conceive of no better treatment for a person suffering from morbid self-dissatisfaction than a week of Mrs. Barnard's society. And yet Mrs. Barnard was no humbug. She never pretended to be clever; she knew that she was not clever; and, knowing it, she had the wisdom to abstain from thinking for herself. She had picked up in the course of her life a sufficient amount of experience to save her from any very serious mistakes in the management of her affairs, and nature had endowed her with a delicate instinct as to social caste which enabled her, whenever it was her misfortune to find herself in the midst of conflicting creeds or standards, to pick out with little hesitation that which bore the stamp of the best society. But as moral philosophers have reminded us often, we can never entirely shift the burden of judgment

from our own shoulders to those of other people, however deeply penetrated we may be with the conviction that those others are more equal to the task than we are. Be the keeper of our conscience a favourite confessor or the abstraction we call society, there will come moments into the lives of all of us when imperious circumstances demand a decision and give no time for consulting our oracle, and in these moments the man or woman who has abdicated the right of individual judgment will be sadly at sea. For instance, what could be more pitiable than the position of Mrs. Barnard when, as not seldom happened, she found herself compelled to listen to George Henderson's dissertations on political economy? It was not that she had a settled aversion to the new science, of the scope and meaning of which she had indeed a very dim conception, but her instinct told her that her nephew's views were not the views of the best society. But then those views of the best society, what were they? They had never been reduced to any system, or if they had Mrs. Barnard had not so studied them; she knew them only as we know our casual acquaintance whom we easily identify in a crowd of strangers, but of whom we should be sorely puzzled to give such a description as would serve, should they ever happen to get lost and need arise to advertise for them in the second column of *The Times*. She was therefore as impotent to argue as she was unwilling to agree, and the consequence was that she got into a state of uneasy irritability, which I am inclined to think is not reckoned among the moods of the best society. But here on the terrace she could defy George Henderson and political economy, for was not Sir Thomas a baronet, whose lineal ancestors had come over with the Conqueror, whose acres were broad, and whose own uncle had been a bishop, and was not he politely submitting for her approval all the best sentiments, social, political, and ecclesiastical? In the consciousness of this Mrs. Barnard was very happy. Lady Raymond always kept out of any political discussion that was not purely local in its bearing. Gifted with intelligence of a very superior order to her husband's, she had early arrived at a just estimate of his capacity in public questions, and having, happily, a sufficient sphere for the exercise of her mental activity provided for her in the management of her household and the administration of parochial affairs, she

wisely kept out of a field in which she must have eclipsed her lord, and so disturbed the balance in the maintenance of which the harmony of their conjugal life was involved. Whatever mortification this self-abnegation entailed was amply compensated by the prospective pride she had in the career, nay, I should say the mission, to which she felt her son to be called; for Lady Raymond cherished in her secret heart a hope, strong as that of any mother in Israel, that the son of her bosom would be one day found in the van of the great army whose work is the reformation of the world. Of this hope, which was almost a religious belief, she never spoke in those days—never till the future to which she had looked had become a dreary might-have-been.

She was busy on this afternoon with domestic matters, and it was pretty to see how she would come in and out of the long windows to consult Harry's wife about all her arrangements. Certainly, Grace's partnership was a very nominal affair, but I think her mother-in-law would not have been less pleased to recognize it, had she cared to make it real by asserting her will and her opinion. Her love for Harry was of the large kind that casts out even the fear of rivalry, and the woman of his choice was to be her daughter and to be by her endowed with all the loving trust and all the privileges that are a daughter's due; not to be treated as an alien who is admitted to the house on sufferance, and against whom a barrier of pre-existent rights must be erected and guarded with a jealous care.

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#### THE RINGED PLANET.

DURING the months of September, October, and November, Mars and Saturn are companions as evening stars. It will not be difficult to recognize them, though the ruddy glories of Mars have been greatly reduced since July and August, when he shared with Jupiter the dominion over the western skies after sunset. The dull yellow lustre of Saturn differs markedly from the red but more star-like light of Mars; and, as the two planets draw near to each other late in November (making their nearest approach on the 20th), it will be interesting to observe the contrast between the red and yellow planets of the solar system. Striking, however, as this contrast will

be found to be, it is insignificant, compared with the real contrast which exists between the two planets. Mars is the least but one of the primary members of the solar family, and, although he pursues a course outside the earth's, he is unlike all the other superior planets in being unaccompanied by any moon; his small orb, also, appears to have but a shallow atmospheric envelope, while, in physical constitution, he apparently occupies a position between the earth and the moon. Saturn, on the other hand, is inferior only to Jupiter in dimensions and mass, while he is superior to Jupiter not only in the astronomical sense that he travels on a wider orbit, but in the extent and importance of the scheme over which he bears sway: his orb, moreover, like that of Jupiter, appears to be the scene of marvellous processes of change, implying a condition altogether unlike that of the earth on which we live.

We propose to give a brief sketch of what has been ascertained respecting this wonderful planet, the most beautiful telescopic object in the whole heavens, and the one which throws the clearest light upon the nature of the solar system and particularly of those giant planets which circle outside the zone of asteroids.

We would at the outset impress upon the reader the necessity of raising his thoughts above those feeble conceptions respecting Saturn and his system which are suggested by the ordinary pictures of the planet. When we see Saturn presented as a ball within a ring, or more carefully pictured as a striped globe within a system of rings, we are apt to regard the ideas suggested by such drawings as affording a true estimate of the planet's nature. In fact, many believe that the planet and its rings are really like what is presented in these pictures. It should be understood that what has been actually seen of Saturn by telescopic means cannot, in the nature of things, afford any true picture of the planet and its ring system. The picture must be filled in, not by the imagination but by the aid of reason; and then, though much will still remain unknown, we shall have at least a far juster conception of the glories of the ringed world than when we simply contemplate drawings which show how the planet looks under telescopic scrutiny. This will at once appear, when we consider that Saturn never lies at a less distance than 732 millions of miles from the earth. With the most powerful telescope we

see him no better (taking atmospheric effects into account) than we should if this distance were reduced to about a million miles. It is manifest that at this enormous distance all save the general features of his globe and of his rings must be indistinguishable. Where we seem to see a smooth solid globe striped with belts, there may be an orb no part of which is solid, girt round by masses of matter lying many miles above its seeming surface. Where we seem to see solid flat rings, neatly divided one from the other either by dark spaces or by difference of tint, there may be no continuous rings at all; the apparent spaces may be no real gaps; the difference of tint may imply no difference of material. On these and other points, the known facts afford important evidence, and, by reasoning upon them, we are carried far beyond the results directly conveyed to us by telescopic researches.

Saturn is distinguished, in the first place, by the enormous range of his orbit, not merely in distance from the sun, but in the distances which separate it from the orbits of his neighbour planets. His mean distance from the sun is about 872 millions of miles, his actual range of distance lying between 921 millions and 823 millions. These figures are imposing, but they are, in fact, meaningless save by comparison with other distances of the same class. Let it be noticed, then, that Saturn's mean distance from the sun exceeds the earth's more than nine and a half times. Now Jupiter's distance exceeds the earth's rather more than five times (five and a fifth is very nearly the true proportion); so that between Jupiter's path and Saturn's there lies everywhere a span fully equal to four times the earth's distance from the sun. So much for Saturn's nearest neighbour on that side. But on the farther side lies Uranus, more than nineteen times as far away from the sun as our earth is; so that between the paths of Saturn and Uranus there lies everywhere a span equal to Saturn's own distance from the sun. Now all this is not intended as a mere display of wonderful distances. So far as mere dimensions are concerned, these arrays of figures are more imposing than impressive. But so soon as we take into account the circumstance that a planet is in some sense ruler over the spaces through which its course carries it, those spaces being by no means tenanted, we see that, *ceteris paribus*, the dignity of a planet is enhanced by the

extent of the space separating its orbit from the orbits of its neighbours on either side. Now the space between the paths of Saturn and Jupiter exceeds the space enclosed by the earth's orbit no less than sixty-three times, while the space between the paths of Saturn and Uranus exceeds the space enclosed by the earth's orbit two hundred and seventy times! Assuming (as we seem compelled to do by continually growing evidence) that Saturn and his system were formed by the gathering in of matter from the region over which Saturn now bears sway, we cannot wonder that the planet is a giant and his system wonderful in extent and complexity of structure. It is true that Jupiter on one side and Uranus on the other, share Saturn's rule over the vast space, 330 times the whole space circled round by the earth, which lies between the orbits of his neighbour planets. But Saturn's rule is almost supreme over the greater part of that enormous space. Combining the vastness of the space with its position — not so near to the sun that solar influence can greatly interfere with Saturn's, nor so far away as to approach the relatively-barren outskirts of the solar system — we seem to find a sufficient explanation of Saturn's *high* position in the scheme of the planets as respects volume and mass, and his *foremost* position as respects the complexity of the system over which he bears sway.

Briefly, then, to indicate his proportions, and the dimensions of his system, —

Saturn has a globe considerably flattened, his equatorial diameter being about 70,000 miles while his polar axis is nearly 7,000 miles shorter. Thus in volume he exceeds the earth nearly 700 times, and all the four terrestrial planets — Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and Mars — taken together, more than 336 times. In mass he does not exceed the earth and these other smaller planets so enormously, because his density (regarding him as a whole) is much less than the earth's. In fact, his density is less than that of any other known body (comets of course excepted) in the solar system. The reader is doubtless aware that the sun's mean density is almost exactly one-fourth of the earth's; Jupiter is almost exactly the same as the sun's; but Saturn's is little more than half the sun's, being represented by the number thirteen only, where 100 represents the earth's. Thus, instead of exceeding the

earth nearly 700 times in mass, as he would if he were of the same density, he exceeds her but about ninety times. But this disproportion must still be regarded as enormous, especially when it is added that the combined mass of the four terrestrial planets amounts to little more than the forty-fourth part of Saturn's mass. The combined mass of Uranus and Neptune, though these are members of the family of major planets, falls short of one-third of Saturn's mass: yet, by comparison with Jupiter, whose mass exceeds his more than three-fold, Saturn appears almost dwarfed. And it may be noted as a striking circumstance—one that is not sufficiently recognized in our astronomical treatises—that while Jupiter's mass exceeds the combined mass of all the other planets (including Saturn) about two and a half times, Saturn exceeds all the remaining planets in mass about two and three quarter times. So unequally is the material of the planetary system distributed.

The mighty globe of Saturn rotates on its axis in about nine hours and a half, the most rapid rotation in the solar system so far as is yet known.

But what shall we say to indicate adequately the dimensions of that enormous ring system which circles around Saturn? Here we have no unit of comparison, and scarcely any mode of presenting the facts except the mere statement of numerical relations. Thus, the full span of the rings, measured across the centre of the planet, amounts to 167,000 miles; the full breadth of the ring-system amounts to 35,600 miles. But these numbers convey only imperfect ideas. Perhaps the best way of indicating the enormous extent of the ring-system is to mention that circumnavigation of the world by a ship sailing from England to New Zealand by Good Hope and from New Zealand to England by Cape Horn would have to be repeated twenty-one times to give a distance equalling the outer circumference of the ring-system. The same double journey amounts in distance to but about two-thirds of the breadth of the ring-system.

As to the scale on which Saturn's system of satellites is constructed, we shall merely remark that the span of the outermost satellite's orbit exceeds nearly two-fold the complete span of the Jovian system of satellites, and exceeds the span of our moon's orbit nearly tenfold.

And now let us consider what is the probable nature of the vast orb, which

travels—girt round always by its mighty ring-system—at so enormous a distance from the sun that his disc has but the ninetyeth part of the size of the solar disc we see. Have we in Saturn, as has been so long the ordinary teaching of astronomy, a world like our own, though larger—the abode of millions on millions of living creatures—or must we adopt a totally different view of the planet, regarding it as differing as much from our earth as our earth differs from the moon, or as Saturn and Jupiter differ from the sun?

We must confess that if we set on one side altogether the ideas received from books on astronomy, endeavouring to view these questions independently of all pre-conceived opinions, it appears antecedently improbable that Saturn or Jupiter can resemble the earth either in attributes or purpose. We conceive that if a being capable of traversing at will the interstellar spaces were to approach the neighbourhood of our solar system, and to form his opinion respecting it from what he had observed in other parts of the sidereal universe, he would regard Jupiter and Saturn, the brother giants of our system, as resembling rather those companion orbs which are seen in the case of certain unequal double stars, than small dependent worlds like our earth and Venus. There are, perhaps, no instances known to our telescopists in which the disparity of *light*, as distinguished from real magnitude, is quite so great as that which exists in the case of the sun and the two chief planets of the solar system.\* But we see in the heaven of the fixed stars all orders of disproportion between double stars, from the closest approach to equality down to such extreme inequality, that while the larger star of the pair is one of the leading brilliants of the heavens, the smaller can only just be discerned with the largest telescopes yet made, used on the darkest and clearest nights. We have no reason to

\* Even this is not certain. Jupiter, seen in full illumination from a standpoint so distant that both Jupiter and the sun might be regarded as equally distant from it, would appear to shine with rather more than the 3,000th part of the sun's light. This would correspond to the difference of apparent brightness between two stars of equal real magnitude and splendour, whereof one was about fifty-four times as far away as the other. There can be no doubt that the larger reflectors of the Herschels, Rosse, and Lassell, and the great refractors of Greenwich, Pulkowa, and Cambridge, U. S., would bring the farther of two such stars into view if the nearer were of the first or second magnitude; and it is not at all unlikely that some of the exceedingly minute companions to bright stars, disclosed by these instruments, may be planets shining with reflected, not with inherent lustre.



believe that the series stops just where our power of tracing it ceases; on the contrary, since the series is continuous as far as it goes, and since our own solar system is constituted as if it belonged to the series prolonged far beyond the limits which telescopic scrutiny has reached, we have reason for believing that such is indeed the interpretation of the observed facts. In other words, we may not unreasonably regard our solar system as a multiple system, a double star at certain ranges of distance, whence only the sun and Jupiter could be seen; a triple star at distances whence Saturn could be seen; and a quintuple star where Uranus and Neptune would come into view. To shew what excellent reason exists for regarding Mercury, Venus, the earth, and Mars as not to be included in this view, it is only necessary to remark that not one of these planets could be seen until the limits of the solar system had been crossed. To eyesight such as ours, not one of the four terrestrial planets could be seen from Saturn, and still less of course from Uranus or Neptune. It would be as unreasonable to hold the ring of asteroids, or even the myriads of systems of meteorolites and aërolites to be bodies resembling the earth and her fellow terrestrial planets, as it is to hold these terrestrial planets to be bodies resembling Jupiter and his fellow giants.

In all characteristics yet recognized by astronomers, Jupiter and Saturn differ most markedly from the earth and her fellow planets. In bulk and mass they belong manifestly to a different order of created things; in density they differ more from the earth than the sun does; they rotate much more swiftly on their axes; they receive much less light and heat from the sun; the lengths of their year exceed the length of the earth's year as remarkably as their day falls short of hers; the atmospheric envelope of each is divided into variable belts, utterly unlike anything existing in the earth's atmosphere; and, lastly, each is the centre of an important subsidiary scheme of bodies quite unlike the moon (the only secondary planet in the terrestrial family) as respects their relations to the primary around which they travel.

Notwithstanding all these circumstances in evidence of utter dissimilarity, and the fact that not one circumstance in the condition of the major planets suggests resemblance to the terrestrial planets, astronomy continues to treat of the planets of the solar system as though they

formed a single family. It would appear as though the teachings of the astronomers who lived before the telescope was invented, had so strong an inherent vitality, that more than two centuries and a half of discoveries adverse to those teachings are powerless to dispossess them of their authority. For no other reason can be suggested, as it appears to me, for the complete disregard with which the most striking characteristics of the major planets have been treated by modern astronomers.

If we consider one feature alone of those which have been just mentioned—the small mean density of the giant planets—we have at once the strongest possible evidence to shew that the condition of these bodies must be unlike that of the earth. Of course, if we assume that Saturn's substance (to limit our attention to this planet) is composed of materials altogether unlike any which exist on earth, a way out of our difficulty is found, though not an easy one. In that case, however, we are only substituting one form of complete dissimilarity for another. And all the results of spectroscopic analysis, as applied to the celestial bodies, tend to show the improbability that such differences of elementary constitution exist—we will not say in the solar system only, but in the sidereal universe itself. If, however, we admit that Saturn is in the main constituted of elements such as we are familiar with, we find it extremely difficult, or rather it is absolutely impossible, to suppose that the condition of his substance is like that of the earth's. There are certain unmistakable facts to be accounted for. *There* is the mighty mass of Saturn, exceeding that of the earth ninety-fold. That mass is endowed with gravitating energy, precisely in the same way as the earth's mass. There must be from the surface towards the centre a continually increasing pressure. This pressure is calculable,\* and enormously exceeds the internal

\* It is a misfortune for science that Newton never published the reasoning which led him to the conclusion that the earth's mean density is equal to between five and six times the density of water. This, as every one knows, has been confirmed by several experimental methods; and, so far as appears, the problem is a purely experimental one. Newton, however, made no experiments; at least, none have been heard of as effected by him, and it is scarcely probable that he had any instruments of sufficient delicacy for a task so difficult. Prof. Grant ascribes Newton's conclusion to a happy intuition; yet it is very unlike Newton to make a guess on such a matter. It is more probable that he guessed the elements of the problem than the result. He probably assumed that the earth's mass is composed of a substance like granite, and adopting some law of compres-

pressures existing within the earth's interior. There is no possibility of cavities, as Brewster and others have opined; for there is no known material, not the strongest known to us, iron or platinum or adamant, which could resist the pressures produced by Saturn's internal gravitation. Steel would be as yielding as water under these pressures. There must be compression with its consequent increase of density, such compression exceeding many millionfold the greatest with which terrestrial experimenters have dealt. That with these enormous forces at work the actual density of Saturn as a whole should be far less than that of water is utterly inexplicable, unless Saturn's *condition* be regarded as altogether unlike that of the earth. We see in the sun an orb which, notwithstanding its enormous mass, has a mean density much less than the earth's, and little greater than that of water; but we have no difficulty in understanding this circumstance, because we see that the sun is in a state of intense heat, and we know that this heat produces effects antagonistic, as it were, to those produced by the attraction of his mass as a whole upon every portion of his substance. But if we make no similar assumption in Saturn's case, we find his small density inexplicable.

Another circumstance associated with the question of Saturn's density introduces new difficulties of the most perplexing nature if it be regarded according to the ordinary view, while it seems not only explicable, but manifestly to be expected on the theory that Saturn's whole orb is in an intensely heated condition. Saturn certainly has an atmosphere of considerable depth. The belts which surround his globe are evidently produced by clouds in his atmosphere, though what the nature of these clouds may be is not as yet known. The brighter belts are the cloud belts, while the darker either show his real surface, or, far more probably, belong simply to lower cloud-layers. These belts are variable in appearance and position, sometimes changing with great rapidity. Their real extent is enormous, exceeding the whole surface of our earth, even in the case of the narrowest belts yet seen. No one who has viewed them through telescopes of great power can refuse to

adopt the conclusion that the atmosphere in which these great cloud zones are suspended must be of great depth, certainly far deeper than our atmosphere. But such an atmosphere, subjected to the attraction of Saturn's mass, would be enormously compressed underneath these manifestly thick cloud layers. A very moderate assumption as to the depth of the atmosphere would lead to the conclusion that at its base it must be denser than water — that is, denser than Saturn himself. No gas could exist *as* gas at this density. Apart from this, we are here arriving at the very theory which the ordinary view of Saturn teaches us to avoid — viz., the theory that he is utterly unlike our earth in physical condition. We may much more conveniently arrive at the same general conclusion, while avoiding other difficulties, by simply adopting the same explanation in this case which serves to account also for the small density of Saturn's mass — viz., the theory that Saturn's globe is in a state of intense heat.

But now let it be noticed how perfectly this view of Saturn's condition accords with the theories which are beginning to be established respecting the genesis of the solar system. Whether we regard the planets as formed from the condensation of enormous nebulous masses, or whether we assume that they were produced by the gathering together of matter originally travelling in dense meteoric flights around the central aggregation whence the sun was one day to be formed, we see that the larger the planet the greater must have been its original heat. The heat generated during the condensation of a nebulous mass must depend upon the magnitude of the mass, since in fact the accepted theory of heat teaches us that the original heat of a globe so formed is measurable by the actual difference in dimensions between the globe and its parent cloud-mass, and of course the larger the cloud-mass the greater this difference would necessarily be. It is equally certain that the heat generated by the gathering in of meteoric matter would be so much the greater according as the quantity of matter gathered and gathering was greater; for the heat is produced by the downfall of such matter on the globe it helps to form, and the greater the mass of that globe the greater is its attracting might, the greater the velocity it generates in the falling meteors, and therefore the greater the heat produced when they are brought to rest.

sion for such a substance (based on experiment, perhaps), calculated thence the compression at different depths, and so obtained the mean density of the whole mass.

Saturn, then, would originally be much hotter than our earth, on any theory of the *evolution* of our solar system—and there are few astronomers who doubt that the solar system *was* wrought by processes of evolution to its present condition. But not only would Saturn be much hotter than the earth, but owing to his enormous size he would part with his heat at a much slower rate. On both accounts we should infer that at this present time Saturn is much hotter than the earth—in other words, since our earth still retains no inconsiderable proportion of its original heat, Saturn may be assumed to be in a state of intense heat. What his actual heat may be is not so easily determined. We shall presently show reasons for believing that an inferior limit, below which his heat does not lie, is indicated by the fact that he still possesses inherent luminosity. On the other hand, a superior limit is indicated by the fact that his inherent luminosity is not great, and that, in all probability, the thicker cloud zones of Saturn prevent the passage of the greater part of his light.\*

We should infer then that Saturn in some respects resembles the sun, though of course the very same reasoning which teaches us to believe that Saturn is very much hotter than the earth, leads us also to the conclusion that it is not nearly so hot as the sun. Now thus viewing Saturn, we should be led to expect, apart from all telescopic evidence to that effect, that he would resemble the sun in certain general features. For instance, we might expect that he would have spot-zones, while his equatorial zone would be free from spot; or, if it were thought that so close a resemblance was not to be looked for, then we might still expect that his equatorial zone, like the sun's, would be distinguished from the rest of his surface by some well-marked peculiarity. This is the case. The equatorial zone of Saturn is distinguished by a peculiar brightness from the rest of his surface, inasmuch that the late Prof. Nichol was led to regard this zone as the scene of a constant precipitation of meteoric matter from the inside of the ring-system.

Now there is one important peculiarity which distinguishes the equatorial bright

zone of Saturn from that of Jupiter. Jupiter's axis is almost square to the level of the path in which he travels around the sun; so that his equatorial zone lies nearly in that level, and is therefore directly illuminated by the sun. The aspect of Jupiter in fact, as seen from the sun, is *always* that which our earth presents in spring and autumn. But Saturn has an axis very considerably sloped to the level of the path in which he travels. It is more sloped even than our earth's axis. So that in the course of his long year of 10,759 days (29 1-2 of our years) Saturn's globe presents towards the sun all the varying aspects which our earth presents, only with a somewhat greater range of variation. At one time he is placed as our earth is in spring, and then his equatorial belt, as seen from the sun, appears to lie straight across the middle of his disc. Rather more than seven years later he is posed as our earth is posed at mid-summer, his northern pole is bowed towards the sun, and his equator is seen as a half oval, curving far south of the middle point of his disc. He passes on from this position, and in seven more years he is placed as our earth is in autumn, with his equator again lying straight across his disc. Then seven years or so later, he presents the aspect of our earth at mid-winter, his equator curved into a half oval passing far to the north of the middle point of his disc. And finally at the end of yet seven years more (or more exactly, of one complete Saturnian year from the commencement of these changes), he is again as at first. Now it seems manifest that the great cloud-zone which surrounds Saturn, appearing as a nearly white ring, were due to solar action, it would fluctuate in position as these changes proceeded. The very length of the Saturnian year should ensure the occurrence of such fluctuations. We have only to enquire what takes place on our own earth, where, though we have nothing comparable with the belt systems of Jupiter and Saturn, we have, nevertheless, over ocean regions, a sun-raised tropical cloud-band in the middle of the day. This cloud-band *follows the sun*, being equatorial in spring, passing far north of the equator, even to the very limit of the torrid zone, in summer, returning to the equator in autumn, passing to the southern limit of the torrid zone in winter, and returning again to the equator in spring. In fact this cloud-band as seen from the sun would always cross the middle of the

\* To prevent misapprehension, it may be as well to remind the reader that the apparent continuity of Saturn's cloud-belts by no means implies that they are really continuous, and it is on *à priori* grounds highly improbable that they are so; openings in his cloud-zones two or three hundred miles in length and breadth would be quite undiscernible at Saturn's enormous distance.

earth's face as a straight line in spring and autumn, and as considerably more than a half oval agreeing in position with the tropics of Cancer and Capricorn at mid-summer and mid-winter. But nothing of the sort happens in Saturn's case. His equatorial white ring is *really* equatorial at all times, instead of being drawn to his tropics at his mid-summer and mid-winter seasons. This, in our opinion, is decisive of the origin of this great band. If it were sun-raised, it would obey the sun; but being raised by Saturn's action, its position is solely determined by Saturn's rotation, and it therefore remains constantly equatorial.

But next a very strange and, at first view, incredible circumstance, has to be considered in immediate connection with the relations we have been dealing with.

It sounds startling to suggest that *Saturn probably changes at times in size and shape*. Yet the evidence in favour of the suggestion is very weighty. It may briefly be presented as follows:—

In April, 1805, Sir Wm. Herschel, who had hitherto always seen the planet of an oval figure, found that it presented a strangely distorted appearance. It was flattened as usual at the poles, but also at the equator; accordingly it had a quadrangular or oblong figure (with rounded corners, of course), its longest diameters being the two which (crossing each other in the middle of the disc) passed from north latitude 43 degrees on Saturn to the same southerly latitude. Or we may otherwise describe the appearances presented, by saying that Saturn seemed *swollen* in both the temperate zones. Herschel found that the same appearance was presented no matter what telescope he employed, and he tried many, some seven feet, some ten, one twenty, and one forty feet in length. With these telescopes Jupiter presented his ordinary oval aspect. But Herschel is not the only astronomer by whom such appearances have been noticed. On August 5, 1803, Schröter found that Saturn's figure was distorted. Dr. Kitchener says that in the autumn of 1818 he found Saturn to have the figure described by Herschel. The present Astronomer Royal has seen Saturn similarly distorted; and on another occasion *flattened* in the temperate zones. In January, 1855, Coolidge, with the splendid refractor of the Cambridge U. S. Observatory noticed a swollen appearance in Saturnian latitude 20 degrees; yet on the 9th the planet had resumed its usual aspect. In the report

of the Greenwich Observatory for 1860-61, it is stated that "Saturn has *sometimes* appeared to exhibit the *square-shouldered* aspect." The two Bonds of America, surpassed by few in observing skill, have seen Saturn square-shouldered and have noticed variations of shape.

It seems impossible to reject such testimony as this. Nor can it be disposed of by showing that ordinarily Saturn presents a perfectly elliptical figure. It is the essential point of the circumstances we are considering that they are unusual.

Now we do not pretend to explain how such changes of shape are brought about. But we would invite special attention to the circumstance that if these changes be admitted as having occasionally occurred (and we do not see how they can be called in question), then the result is only startling in connection with that theory of Saturn's condition which we are here opposing. If Saturn be a globe resembling our earth, then sinkings and upheavals, such as these appearances indicate, must be regarded as involving amazing and most stupendous throes—as in fact absolutely incredible no matter what evidence may be found in their favour. But so soon as we regard Saturn's whole globe as in a state of intense heat, and his belt-system as indicating the continual action of forces of enormous activity, we no longer find any difficulty in understanding the possibility of changes such as Sir W. Herschel, Sir G. Airy, the Bonds, and others of the like observing skill, have seen with some of the finest reflecting and refracting telescopes ever constructed by man. Nay, we may even go farther, and find in solar phenomena certain reasons for believing that Saturn's globe would be subjected to precisely such changes. It appears to have been rendered extremely probable by Secchi and others, that our sun's globe varies in dimensions under the varying influences to which he is subjected. At the height of the spot-period the sun seems to be reduced in diameter, while his coloured sierra is deeper, and the red prominences are larger than usual, the reverse holding at the time when the sun has no spots or few. Of course this is not understood as implying a real change in the quantity of solar matter, but only as indicating the varying level at which the solar cloud-envelope lies. We may safely assume that these changes, which correspond to the great spot-period, affect chiefly the spot zones

which lie in the parts of the sun's globe corresponding to our temperate zones; but for the same reasons that the sun's globe is perfectly spherical so far as measurements can be depended upon, namely, because of its relatively slow rotation—such differences would be too slight to be measurable. Regarding Saturn, then, as we have already been compelled to do for other reasons, as resembling the sun so far that he is in an intensely heated condition, we see grounds for believing that *his* temperate zones would be exposed to variations of level (cloud level), which at times might be very considerable and thus discernible from our earth. For owing to his rapid rotation on his axis, all such effects would be relatively greater than on a slowly rotating orb like the sun; and in fact we recognize this distinction in the great compression of Saturn's globe. Moreover, if we regard the waxing and waning of the solar spots as associated with the motions of the members of the sun's family, we can well understand that the members of Saturn's family, which lie so much nearer to him compared with his own dimensions, should produce more remarkable effects.\* But whether this be so or not, it is certain that whereas there is nothing inexplicable or even very surprising in supposing that Saturnian cloud-layers, resulting from the action of intense Saturnian heat, alter greatly at times in level, the observations we have described become altogether inexplicable, and cannot, in fact, be rejected, if we adopt the theory that Saturn resembles the earth on which we live.

It may be asked whether Jupiter, to which planet the same reasoning may be applied, has ever shown signs of similar changes. To this it may first be replied, that we should not expect Jupiter to be affected to the same degree, simply because the chief disturbing causes—his

satellites and the sun—are always nearly in the same level, owing to the peculiarity in Jupiter's pose to which attention has already been directed. But secondly, such briefly-lasting changes as we might expect to detect have occasionally been suspected by observers of considerable skill; and amongst others by the well-known Schröter, of Lilienthal. Such changes have consisted, for the most part, merely in a slight flattening of a part of Jupiter's outline. But on one occasion a very remarkable phenomenon, only (but very readily) explicable in this way, was witnessed by three practised observers—Admiral Smyth, Professor Pearson, and Sir T. Maclear—at three different stations. Admiral Smyth thus describes what he saw:—"On Thursday, June 26th, 1828, the evening being extremely fine, I was watching the second satellite of Jupiter as it gradually approached to transit Jupiter's disc. It appeared in contact at about half-past ten, and for some minutes remained on the edge of the disc, presenting an appearance not unlike that of the lunar mountains coming into view during the moon's first quarter, until it finally disappeared on the body of the planet. At least twelve or thirteen minutes must have elapsed, when, accidentally turning to Jupiter again, to my astonishment I perceived the same satellite *outside the disc!* It remained distinctly visible for at least four minutes, and then suddenly vanished!" For our own part, we can conceive of no possible explanation of this remarkable phenomenon, unless it be admitted that the change was in the apparent outline of Jupiter. Of course, to suppose that even a cloud-layer rose or fell, in a few minutes, several thousand miles (about 8,000, if the stated times be correct), is as inadmissible as to suppose the solid crust of a globe to undergo so vast a change of level; but nothing of this sensational description is required. All that would be necessary would be that an upper cloud-layer should for a few minutes be dissipated into vapour, either by warm currents, or more probably by a temporary increase of the heat as supplied by Jupiter's fiery globe within the cloud-envelopes, and that a few minutes later the clouds should form again by the condensation of the vaporized matter. The changes in the aspect of the Jovian belts are often sufficiently rapid to indicate the operation of precisely such processes.

Associated with such phenomena as

\* It must not be understood that in thus speaking we countenance the theory that either the planets produce the sun-spots, or the satellites of Saturn effect the remarkable changes we have been dealing with. The real causes of all solar phenomena must be sought in the sun's own globe; and Saturnian phenomena are in the main, we have little doubt, produced by Saturnian action. But even as our moon (probably) exerts an influence on the occurrence of earthquakes and volcanoes, *not* by her own attraction directly, but by affecting the balance between terrestrial forces, so it may well be that the planets indirectly affect the sun's condition, and that the Saturnian satellites even more effectually act upon Saturn. It would be extremely interesting to inquire whether any connection can be traced between the changes of the Saturnian belts and the motions of his satellites. Or the inquiry might be more readily, and quite as effectually applied to Jupiter and his system.



we have mentioned is the evidence we have as to the brightness of Saturn and Jupiter. If these planets were perfectly cloud-encompassed, we should expect them to shine much more brightly than earthy or rocky globes of equal size, similarly placed, and surrounded only with a tenuous atmosphere. In fact, we should expect the planets if cloud-encompassed to shine about four times as brightly as though they were constituted like our moon. They would in that case, however, be white planets, not only as seen by the naked eye, but when examined with the telescope. In point of fact, they shine, according to the very careful measurements of Zöllner, about as brightly as though they *were* perfectly cloud-enveloped; but they are neither of them found to be white under telescopic scrutiny. Bond, of America, says, indeed, that Jupiter shines *fourteen* times as brightly as he would if constituted like the moon; and though this is a surprising result, and would imply that some portion of Jupiter's light is certainly inherent, it is well to notice that it is confirmed by De la Rue's photographic researches; for he found that a photographic image of the moon can be taken in about two-thirds of the time required in Jupiter's case, whereas the moon should require but a twenty-fifth of the time required by Jupiter, if her reflecting power were equal to his, since Jupiter is five times as far away from the sun. It would follow from this that Jupiter shines nearly seventeen times as brightly as he would if he were constituted like the moon. Taking the lowest estimate, however, we find that both Saturn and Jupiter shine much more brightly than planets of equal size and similarly placed, but having a surface formed of any kind of earth or rock known to us. And taking into account the well-marked colours of these planets, it follows as an almost demonstrated fact that each shines with no inconsiderable proportion of inherent light.\*

So soon as we view Saturn as a globe

\* I might take as equally convincing proof of the intensely heated condition of these giant planets the fact that the shadows of the nearer satellites, which theoretically should be black, have *sometimes* been seen to be grey, and never appear to be much darker than the fourth satellite in transit. And as sufficient proof of the great depth of Jupiter's atmosphere, I could take the fact that sometimes two shadows have been seen both belonging to the same satellite. However, it would require more space than can here be spared to show the force of these facts. I remind the reader that whatever is proved respecting the condition of Jupiter, may be regarded as rendered probable of his brother giant, Saturn.

intensely heated, and the scene of forces of enormous energy, we are compelled to dismiss the idea that he is the abode of life. But singularly enough, this conclusion, which was rejected by Brewster as rendering apparently unintelligible the existence of so large and massive an orb, girt about by a system so complex and beautiful, does in reality at once present, in an explicable aspect, not merely the vast bulk of Saturn himself, but the scheme over which he bears sway; for, as it seems to us, not the least of the objections against the theory that Saturn is an inhabited world, is found in the useless wealth of material exhibited, on that supposition, in his ring system and family of satellites. It is very well to grow rapturous, as many besides Brewster and Chalmers have done, over the beauty of the Saturnian skies, illuminated by so many satellites and by the glorious rings; and it is very proper, no doubt, for those who so view Saturn's system to dwell admiringly on the beneficence with which all this abundance of reflected light has been provided, to make up to the Saturnians for the small amount of light and heat which they receive from the sun. But unfortunately for this way of viewing the matter, the satellites and rings do not by any means subserve the purposes thus ascribed to them. Even if all the satellites could be full together, they would not supply a sixteenth part of the light which we receive from our full moon; and they cannot even appear very beautiful when we consider that the apparent brightness of their surface can be but about one-ninetieth of the brightness of our moon's. As for the rings, so far from appearing to be contrived specially for the advantage of Saturnian beings, these rings, if Saturn *were* inhabited, would be the most mischievous and inconvenient appendages possible. They would give light during the summer nights, indeed, when light was little wanted, though even this service would be counteracted by the circumstance that at midnight the enormous shadow of the planet would hide the greater part of the rings. But it is in winter that the rings would act most inconveniently; for then, just at the season when the Saturnians would most require an additional supply of light and heat, the rings would cut off for extensive regions on Saturn the whole of the solar light and heat which would otherwise be received. Dr. Lardner was quite mistaken in supposing (after a cursory examination of the mathematical

relations involved) that the eclipses so produced would be but partial. His object was excellent, since he sought to show that "the infinite skill of the Great Architect of the universe has not permitted that the stupendous annular appendage, the uses of which still remain undiscovered, should be the cause of such darkness and desolation to the inhabitants of the planet, and such an aggravation of the rigours of their fifteen years' winter," as would result from eclipses lasting many months or even years in succession. But we must not endeavour to strengthen faith in the wisdom of the Almighty by means of false mathematics. So soon as the subject is rigorously treated, we find that Sir John Herschel was quite right in his original statements on this subject. The present writer published, in 1865, a tabular statement of the length of time during which (according to rigid mathematical calculations) the eclipses produced by the rings last in different Saturnian latitudes. The following quotation from the work in which this table appeared will serve to show that the partial daily eclipses conceived by Lardner are very far from the truth, or rather are only a part, and a very small part, of the truth:—"In latitude 40 degrees (north or south), the eclipses begin when nearly three years have elapsed from the time of the autumnal equinox. The morning and evening eclipses continue for more than a year, gradually extending until the sun is eclipsed during the whole day. These total eclipses continue to the winter solstice, and for a corresponding period after the winter solstice; in all, for 6 years, 236 days, or 5,543 Saturnian days. This period is followed by more than a year of morning and evening eclipses. The total period during which eclipses of one kind or another take place is no less than 8 years, 293 days. If we remember that latitude 40 degrees on Saturn corresponds with the latitude of Madrid on our earth, it will be seen how largely the rings must influence the conditions of habitability of Saturn's globe, considered with reference to the wants of beings constituted like the inhabitants of our earth."\* In the pres-

ence of such facts as these, we may follow Sir John Herschel in saying, that "we should do wrong to judge of the fitness or unfitness of the arrangements described, from what we see around us, when perhaps the very combinations which convey to our minds only images of horror may be in reality theatres of the most striking and glorious displays of beneficent contrivance." But we do well to exercise our minds in enquiring how this may be; and, as it appears to us, the views which have been advocated in this essay at once afford an answer to this enquiry. We are taught to see in the Saturnian satellites a family of worlds dependent on him, in the same way that the members of the solar family are dependent on the sun. We see that though the satellites can supply Saturn with very little light, he can supply them, whether by reflection or by inherent luminosity, with much. And lastly, we see that the ring system (which has been shown to consist of a multitude of small bodies, each travelling in its own course), while causing no inconvenience by eclipsing parts of Saturn, may not improbably serve highly important purposes by maintaining an incessant downfall of meteoric matter upon his surface, and thus sustaining the Saturnian heat, in a manner not unlike that in which it is now generally believed that a portion at least of the sun's heat-supply is maintained by the fall of interplanetary meteors. In fine, we see in Saturn and his system a miniature, and a singularly truthful miniature, of the solar system. In one system, as in the other, there is a central orb, far surpassing all the members of the system in bulk and mass; in each system there are eight orbs circling around the central body; and lastly, each system exhibits, close by the central orb, a multitude of discrete bodies—the zodiacal light in the solar system, and the scheme of rings in the Saturnian system—doubtless subserving important though as yet unexplained purposes in the economy of the systems to which they belong.

and without any sort of acknowledgement, in a compilation on *Elementary Astronomy* recently published, the present writer, that he may not be suspected of plagiarism, ventures to point out that it is not he who is the borrower.

\* As this passage has been quoted nearly *verbatim*,

From Good Words.

## BEES IN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

"So work the honey bees;  
Creatures that by rule in nature teach  
The art of order to a people's kingdom.  
They have a king, and officer of sorts,  
Where some like magistrates correct at home,  
Others like merchants venture trade abroad,  
Others like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,  
Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
To the tent royal of their emperor,  
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
The singing masons building roofs of gold,  
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,  
The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate;  
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
Delivering o'er to executors pale  
The lazy yawning drone.

Thus doth heaven divide  
The state of man in divers functions."

Henry V.

It was "high" summer; the air smelt like a nosegay with the June flowers—gorse and broom, the late May and the early honeysuckle—as I rode over the wide wild sweeps of the New Forest to a little island of cultivated ground in the middle of the bare heath. It looked as if it might have been enclosed from the waste somewhere about the time of the Red King—boundaries are very ancient in those parts and changes slow. (The family of the man who picked up the body of Rufus, and carried it in his cart to Winchester, still inhabit the same little freehold patch near the spot where the dead tyrant was left lying after Tyrrell's shot.)

Two very large oaks and an ancient yew bore their witness to the age of the little home surrounded by its quickset hedge full of ferns. An orchard of merries (the small black cherry, *merise*) and old apple-trees grew on one side, a bunch of lilacs and laburnums on the other, and an avenue of white narcissus, bloody warriors (wallflowers), blue larkspur and crimson peonies, backed with a row of hives, led up to the door of the mud cottage. Mud has an evil speech in the world, but it is warm in winter and cool in summer, and if not very "seemly," makes a pleasant home.

A pyrus and a passion-flower were in bloom upon the walls, but I missed the busy hum of "the yellow bees in the ivy bloom" as I entered the open door.

I had come to condole. Ursley\* had lost her old man since I last saw her. She greeted me affectionately, coming out of the great cavernous open fireplace with the settle on each side, and a smoul-

dering peat fire on the ground. Her short blue gown and brown petticoat were as beautifully neat as usual, and the eternal black silk bonnet was on her head, without which no one ever saw her. I wondered sometimes whether she slept in it. She was above seventy, but her refined face, of a type not uncommon in the South country race, with its delicate features, fine-cut and intelligent, was in wonderful preservation, her teeth, her hair, her senses almost as perfect as a girl's. Her manners were those of a perfect lady, courteous, quiet, kind, respecting herself and me, and no duchess could have been more dignified and self-possessed in her reception of me.

"Ah yes, the old man's gone sin I've a seed you. He were a deal o' trouble, to be sure, hollerin' and squealin' a' night terrable," said she. Our smooth-tongued disguises of such matters, if true, did not enter into her code of "the become." "He were off o' his head most times, and kep' callin' out there was fuzzen i' the bed, and hitting out at the boughs like, thinking he were in the woods. But there we must just bear what God A'mighty puts upon us, we've nobody to look to but just He! and He does best for we. The Lord He knows,—the days seems long and lonesome to me, that they do, but then we must just wait for Him to call, you knows."

When our lamentations and condolences had come to an end, she brought out a bottle of mead from the three-cornered cupboard in the wall. It was her last, as I found afterwards, but her Arab hospitality did not allow her to hesitate at setting her best before a guest, and mead is an honourable drink ever since it was the food of gods and heroes, in the old days, and England was "the honey island" pre-eminently.

"And the bees? what is become of them?" inquired I, as the golden syrup flowed into the broken cup before I could stop her.

"A' gone—a' dead," answered she, with a sigh. "We were very sore put about when the old man went, and I were bad a bed, so there were no one gie it a thought to go and tell the bees about the death, and there they a' went and died!"

"What, for sorrow? did they take it to heart so much as all that?" said I ignorantly.

"Well, I can't say for sure how 'tis, but they allus does like that, you know: if you don't go for to give three raps at each pot, and tell 'um their master's gone,

\* Ursley, a contraction as old as James I. See "Fortunes of Nigel."

they'd allays serve you that way and go off stupid."

"Is it only the master's death you must tell them, Ursley?"

"Nay, any one as belongs to the house. One wouldn't go for a distant cousin—for why, they wouldn't know he, ye see."

"And do they make any answer when they're told?" I asked.

"There's a sort of a kind of a rush inside o' the hive, I mind hearing, when I telled 'um once my mother were gone. They've one voice for when they're pleased, and one for when they're angered. They're very cunning as bees,\* and knows a many things—they bides at home quiet when the weather changes. I conceits they's got a manner o' government and minds their horficers, as is over them, for to do and to be, quite uncommon; not rampaging like some o' they fellows one sees nowadays, that can't rule themselves, and won't have none to rule 'em. Then if a swärm breaks, the half that hasn't got the queen is just lost like, and goes wandering here and there. I ain't afraid to handle um, I could shake um into the pot, if my maister weren't there, and they hadn't got too high up the trees; they'll hang to a bough in a bunch as big as a black hat, sticking a' close together to the queen, clinging on one to t'other, so that you'd have thought they must a' have been stiffed. You puts honey and sugar inside o' the hive to tempt 'um; but there they has their whims like! they'll fancy one man, and they won't fancy another, and they'll take to a hive or they won't, there's no telling. Last summer a swarm went rampolling all over the country right away. I followed after, tinkling with a key on the warming pan, they do love the naïse o' the brass, it makes them bide, and lures em back,—they likes music, the bees does, but they wouldn't hearken that time, and never come back no more.

"Yes, we lost a horse one while, he went too near the pots, and out they came after he. They ain't afraid o' nought, they're a' for war once they're angered, and they just set on him till his head were black w' them like as if you'd pitched it. We'd much ado to get him off, for he were blind with pain not to see the way the enemy lay. And there he were stung to death, and he swelled and he swelled w' the poison, do a' we could, till his legs stuck straight out, like out o' a barrel, and in two hours he were dead.

\* "Let my right hand forget her cunning."

"Bees is in the Bible, but you'll know that better nor me. Samson rent the young lion as if he'd been a kid, you mind, and after that he found a swärm o' bees and honey in the karkass. 'Out o' the eater came forth meat and out o' the strong came forth sweet,' says Samson, playing his riddle like to the Philistines. 'What's sweeter than honey? What's stronger than a lion?' says Philistines mocking, when they'd wormed it out of Delilah, the hussey! Men's but a poor lot to keep secrets from such as her, once they get betwixt she's fingers."

Ursley had been by no means the weaker vessel in the late household, and knew it; she had but a low opinion of men in general, "as poor creetures wi' drink and spending their money foolish and a' such like ways."

"'Dustrious busy little things bees be about a place. I misses 'em, I do, I can tell 'ee. Well, it has been nice to see yer face agin. Terrible kind you was when little Tommy died. Be ye going?" and she followed me out to gather me a "posy" of her best flowers. "Lad's love" (southernwood) for the smell, and her one pansy. "I thinks very much o' he (there's plenty o' buds, don'tee mind), I don't know what you names 'um, 'Love in idles' (*Q. idlesse*) is what I've heard 'um called. See you there! you likes to hear tell of they bees," and she pointed to a humble bee flying into the open door, "they say 'tis lucky for a bumbledore to come into the houseplace, though for that matter I haven't much to do wi' luck, seemingly!" and she smiled sadly as we parted at the little wicket.

There is a curious vitality in popular beliefs in the world's history. Here was the association of bees with the idea of death; their pleasure in the sounds of brass, of music; the good omen of their appearance, found in some of the most beautiful of the Greek myths; "the courage and warlike ardour," with which Aristotle credits them, "so that the strongest animals do not affright them;" the recognition of their sense, of their knowledge of weather; the respect for their "cunning;" their orderly, industrious ways, and the sort of police they entertain; the feeling that their community is an emblem of civil society and good government.

It was a lingering relic of the old-world, sentimental, poetical belief, the transfiguring of material nature which could only be interpreted in the early childlike ages of the world, by supposing

each portion of earth, air, fire, and water, as animated by some god or godling. Their reciprocal action and their influence on man were all accounted for on personal principles. The deification of the year, the sun and moon, of streams, woods, and winds, bees and birds alike, was the only expression of the laws which rule the universe at all possible in that stage of human development.

Now we exercise a patient observation on nature, analyzing, investigating, calculating, and combining our facts, and say coolly with Professor Houghton, "Bees construct the largest amount of cell with the smallest amount of material;" or with Quatrefages, "Their instinct is certainly the most developed of all living creatures with the exception of ants." "The hexagons and rhomboids of bee architecture show the proper proportion between the length and breadth of the cell which will save most wax, as is found by the closest mathematical investigation," says another great authority. Man is obliged to use all sorts of engines for measurement—angles, rules, plumb-lines—to produce his buildings, and guide his hand; the bee executes her work immediately from her mind, without instruments or tools of any kind. "She has successfully solved a problem in higher mathematics, which the discovery of the differential calculus, a century and a half ago, alone enables us to solve at all without the greatest difficulty."

"The inclination of the planes of the cells is always just, so that if the surfaces on which she works are unequal, still the axis running through its inequalities is in the true direction, and the junction of the two axes forms the angle of  $60^\circ$  as accurately as if there were none." The manner in which she adapts her work to the requirements of the moment and the place is marvellous. A centre comb burdened with honey was seen by Huber and others to have broken away from its place, and to be leaning against the next so as to prevent the passage of the bees. As it was October, and the bees could get no fresh material, they immediately gnawed away wax from the older structures, with which they made two horizontal bridges to keep the comb in its place, and then fastened it above and at the sides, with all sorts of irregular pillars, joists, and buttresses; after which they removed so much of the lower cells and honey which blocked the way, as to leave the necessary thoroughfare to the differ-

ent parts of the hive, showing design, sagacity, and resource.

Huber mentions how they will find out a mistake in their work, and remedy it. Certain pieces of wood had been fastened by him inside a glass hive, to receive the foundations of combs. These had been placed too close to allow of the customary passages. The bees at first built on, not perceiving the defect, but soon changed their lines, so as to give the proper distance, though they were obliged to curve the combs out of all usual form. Huber then tried the experiment in another way. He glazed the floor as well as the roof of the hive. The bees cannot make their work adhere to glass, and they began to build horizontally from side to side; he interposed other plates of glass in different directions, and they curved their combs into the strangest shapes, in order to make them reach the wooden supports. He says that this proceeding denoted more than instinct, as glass was not a substance against which bees could be warned by nature, and that they changed the direction of the work *before* reaching the glass, at the distance precisely suitable for making the necessary turns,—enlarging the cells on the outer side greatly, and on the inner side diminishing them proportionately. As different insects were working on the different sides, there must have been some means of communicating the proportion to be observed; while the bottom being common to both sets of cells, the difficulty of thus regularly varying their dimensions must have been great indeed.

The diameter of the cells also varies according to the grubs to be bred in them. Those for males have the same six sides, with three lozenges at bottom, as those for workers, and the angles are the same; but the diameter of the first is 3 1-3 lines—that for the workers only 2 2-5. When changing from one size to another, they will make several rows of cells intermediate in size, gradually increasing or diminishing, as required. When there is a great abundance of honey, they will increase both the diameter and the depth of their cells, which are found sometimes as much as an inch or an inch and a half in depth.

The mixture of solitary and joint work amongst them is very difficult to define. Though there are many thousand labourers in a hive, they never begin to build in different places at the same time, as they could not then insure regularity of dis-



tance, or equality of comb size. They wait for one bee to choose his site and lay his foundation, then the others come in, and complete his work. At exactly one-third of an inch on each side of the centre comb two more foundations are then laid—that is, at a sufficient distance to enable two bees employed on different cells to pass without jostling. Outside these again, other combs are added on each side, at exactly the same distance, and besides the thoroughfares between the combs, they are pierced in several places by holes as postern gates, to save time in passing to and fro.

The building of the cells proceeds thus, according to Huber. When the founder bee has established its foundation of wax, placing it vertically to the plane from which, if possible, the comb is to hang down, the other bees then begin to manipulate the material which they bring up with wonderful operations of the tongue. They work one on each side, with such accuracy and nicety, as never to penetrate the thin layer of wax, and so equally, that the plate which they produce is of equal thickness throughout, its surfaces being parallel. The angles of the hexagon, and of the sides which join it, are all equal, and the three rhomboidal plates of the floor have one particular diameter, and no other, the opposite angles being always equal, two obtuse, two acute, covering in the space over and under the hexagon cell exactly.

The first cells have but five sides, in order to give the work strength in hanging to the upper surface. Two cells in front are then worked out to one behind, for the first beginning.

The eye of the bee is extremely convex, with hexagonal facets. She must therefore be very short-sighted, probably for the convenience of work carried on at such close quarters, yet she can travel great distances in the most unerring right lines. When a bee hunter desires to find a wild nest in a pathless wood, he "lines a bee" home—*i.e.* imprisons a laden bee in a quill, and marks its course when set free. Straight as an arrow, as if it carried a compass in its little head, it flies through the forest. He then catches a second bee, carries it to some distance on one side or the other, and again tracks its flight exactly. At the point where the two lines intersect each other the nest will be found.

Andrew Knight, a most sagacious observer, tells how when a colony or swarm is ready to move, its delegates are sent

forth to investigate and report. He has watched them examining every cranny of a tree, testing the dead knots, and any crank places where water could enter. They will discover an eligible cavity at a great distance from the hive, and in the closest recesses of a wood. Sometimes two swarms with their property will coalesce, when they will fly in an almost direct line to their new home, showing that the pioneers had in some way communicated the result of their researches. That bees should accept a hive when offered them, in the place of a hole in a tree (which probably becomes more and more difficult to find in a cultivated country), is probably the result of habit produced by domestication during many generations, rather than anything inherent in their nature, and is a proof of a change in their manners, of acquired ways of life, transmitted from past times, which is extremely curious as evidence of the accumulation of knowledge and experience. "Some families of bees show a greater disposition to migrate than others," adds Mr. Knight.

"Beasts in general, although they evidently have a language, yet it is one which seems to be capable only of expressing love, fear, anger, passion—not ideas. They cannot transmit the impressions received from outward objects, as, for instance, they can tell of the approach of an enemy, but cannot explain of what kind. A language of more extensive use has apparently, however, been given to bees; something, at least, very like to the passing of ideas takes place between them," says Mr. Knight, by means of the antennæ. When these are removed they are evidently unable to communicate with each other.

It is strange how often the hunger of the mind for knowledge (a hunger which, like that of the body, seems implanted in us, in order that we should feed both the one and the other with food convenient to each) is satisfied with the mere husk of a word. "It is instinct," we say, and rest content with our ignorance. What do we mean by instinct? How is the conception in the mind of the insect put into execution, at once, without either tools or experience? In this case the idea is a most elaborate one, six squares of wax put together in a hexagon, roofed in with three rhomboids, set at a very peculiar angle in a pyramidal cone, and surrounded with a number of fragmentary cells adapted to the unequal surfaces with which the insect has to deal.

It is certainly no mere mechanical act which produces them, for each change requires a separate thought and a fresh contrivance. How is the model in the mind of the bee transferred into fact by the mouth and feet of the little worker? We require long practice, much measurement, elaborate calculations and instruments, to make the simplest construction, and can trust neither our eyes nor hands without all these combined.

With her, to will and to do seems to be almost one act, which is Dante's definition of the Divinity, "Dove si puote cio che si vuole." The range is small indeed, but, as far as it goes, it is so nearly akin to our conception of divine action, that no less a man than Sir Isaac Newton declares (though the passage is somewhat obscure) that he can only explain it by conceiving the Deity to work directly on matter through the animal; whereas, with man there is an intermediate agent—namely, the independent mind of a human being, or, as Pope puts it,—

And reason raise o'er instinct as you can;  
In this 'tis God that acts, in that 'tis man.

We are entering a new phase of interpretation in the hands of our great naturalist, but it seems in the direction of considering instinct as merely a modification of reason.

The contrast between these modern methods of dealing with the problem with that in which the ancients considered it, is indeed curious. The Greeks treated the bee as an object of religious contemplation, as "a royal and sacred animal, the emblem of calm activity, rule, order, and noble efforts," and all sorts of presages were drawn from its different qualities. Virgil, in the fourth Georgic, declares that "she partakes of divine intelligence" (a sort of converse of Newton's idea). She is the pure, the wise, the holy above all.

This sacred being produces "an ethereal essence out of flowers, which was the most agreeable offering to the gods, and the most wholesome food for man." Pythagoras was said to have lived on honey alone, and his followers derogated from his example by adding a little bread. Democritus was supposed to have "prolonged his days by breathing its beneficent emanations," adding the smell to the taste. It also restored sight to the blind. "He who eats of it each day cannot fall sick," says Aristoxenes. The Essenes, *i.e.* the priests of Diana

at Ephesus, called themselves kings of bees, as of the holiest and purest of creations, "full of sense, industrious in work, friends of order, and, at the same time, warlike."

The gods are nourished on nectar and ambrosia—*i.e.* the essence of milk and honey, the purest food which can be conceived. The infant Zeus (Jupiter) was brought up in a grotto in Crete, by Melissa the nymph of honey, and fed by the sacred bees. In token of gratitude he had gifted his nurses with their beautiful golden hue, and the power of braving tempests. He was called "Father of the Bees."

They were sacred to Demeter (Ceres), who, as goddess of the earth, mother and nurse of all being, receives all living things into her breast, and thus rules over the dead. Her priestesses are the nymphs of the bees, Melissæ. Prosperity, wisdom, innocence, and justice were supposed thus to be symbolized. Proserpine, daughter of the infernal Ceres, who directs souls in their passage through life, and delivers them from the bodies which weigh them down on earth, is the Queen and Virgin of Bees. Thus they became the emblem of death. Honey was the symbol of the last sleep, partly from its soporific qualities, partly from the ancient belief in the sweetness of death, while gall was supposed on the other hand to typify life. Bitter and sweet is the destiny of man, and the opposition and continual mingling of the two qualities in his fate is the source of a whole series of myths and symbols running one into another.

There was another curious antithesis of which the Greeks seem to have been very fond, the work of destruction in the world producing life. The bee, "type of the soul, is generated spontaneously," said they, "in the decomposed carcass of the bull," which was the incarnation of the idea of the fertility of the earth, and therefore the type of matter; while the bee being held to allude to the return of the soul to its celestial country "across the path of the sun, and beyond the sphere of the moon," the symbol became "a consoling sign of the permanence of the principle of life."

In India and Ethiopia the same symbol occurs, the great bee of a dark blue colour sits on the head of the god Krishna, and overshadows him with its wings.

Poets and philosophers alike agreed in praising "the innate love of order of the bees, their chastity, their laborious active

lives, the peaceful work of which produced such admirable food for gods and men," and contrasting them with "the noisy and lazy wasps, types of impurity, greediness, and indolence" (very unfairly as far as the laziness was concerned, when their wonderfully elaborate nests are considered).

"The bee, whose superior instincts led it to love all beautiful things, delighted in measure, rhythm, and harmony, particularly in the sound of brass;" a metal which the gods of the planets had caused to come out of the earth, and which was sacred to them. Virgil mentions it as especially holy. The noise of brazen instruments had the power of bringing back to a hive the dispersed swarms which were going abroad. The sound was as agreeable to the moon, Selene, who was delivered by it from the powers of darkness, *i.e.* from eclipses, as to the bee, whose nature was no less divine, and of which she bore the name.

By the characteristic of swarming she became the emblem of colonization, the representative of the manner in which the parent country sent forth her superfluous children, "to seek fresh woods and pastures new" — a process indeed which the Greeks carried out in a more systematic fashion than the hordes of isolated individuals whom we pour forth to reach some distant country at haphazard; instead of the old idea of an orderly combination of different kinds of citizens, intended to work together in a fresh commonwealth modelled upon the old, in their new home, "like the bees."

The ancients indeed appear to have been so much struck by the surprising instincts of the bee that it became one of their principal symbols, to which were attached some of their highest and most important ideas. The rules for the initiated in the ancient worship of Demeter, for instance, indicate the union of firmness and gentleness, of voluntary privations, and of severe and continual exercises of body and mind, so as to fit a man to repulse all attacks upon order, and to defend the institutions consecrated by the faith of his fathers," all of which was symbolized by the bee. She was a "happy omen for the warrior, who, like her, watches over the safety of his country." She was "always ready to make the sacrifice of her own life for the public good."

The idea of a noble combat, a generous strife, is one running through the most remarkable of these myths. In them were embodied the holiest and most religious feelings of the period — of the

spirit engaged in the coils of a mortal body, but struggling to set herself free. "Souls, indeed, which have not lost sight of their celestial country, but which, like the bee, aspire to return thither, and seek by works of purity and justice to merit this return, are called *Melissæ*." Even as late as the time of Porphyry, the same idea is insisted on; he speaks of her as the type "of the soul which has lowered herself by taking on a body; yet still she dreams of the return upwards, she does not forget the place of her birth, and returns thither."

It is most difficult in our hard-headed practical age to conceive the wealth of imagery and symbolism, of fanciful allusions and similes where no likeness was, of emblematic dreamy poetry involved in these conceptions, — the transfiguring of the material world, the transforming and "supernaturalizing" of lower existences, the transferring of conscious thought to what we now consider inert matter, or merely mechanical action.

The manner in which the myths run into each other, and in which every god is not only himself but some other as well, makes the puzzle to our prosaic minds still greater.

Yet, still the extreme beauty of this side, at least, of nature worship, the lofty conceptions of the objects of the life of man, and of the result of death, which were thus set before the minds of the initiated and the young, may make us doubt whether all is gain in our social aspirations, since the bee was engraved on the reverse of the coins of Athens and Ephesus, as the emblem held up of the ideal life which their citizens were to be encouraged to lead.

From Saint Pauls

#### A HIMALAYAN COURTSHIP.

##### PART I.

"*Râm, Râm!*" said Coolie No. 1; "*Râm, Râm!*" echoed Coolie No. 2, while several native servants leisurely advancing from their houses to meet the new arrivals took up the salutation, and exchanged *Râm, Râm*, with the half-naked host who, carrying luggage, came toiling up the steep rough pathway leading to the tea-planter's bungalow. In five minutes the luggage was popped down and the coolies were squatting each one close to his burthen, huddled together, coughing and choking over the

pungent mixture of bad tobacco and opium, which filled the "hubble bubble" that was passed round amongst them. In five minutes more the servants, who had squatted themselves before them, had learnt the news of the speedy advent of the young lady traveller, who, in her dandy, was not very far behind, and in another five minutes' time the young lady traveller was borne upwards and let out of her hammock-like conveyance close to the rambling verandah house that was to be her future home. All through the long journey from her English school, on shipboard, in the train, in the Dāk-Gāree, in the doolie, in the burning heat of the plains, during the wearisome toiling up and down the mountains, and amidst the fever-stricken valleys, she had cheered herself out of her girlish nervousness by thinking of her journey's end — of the welcome that would then be hers, of the unknown Aunt and Uncle and young man Cousin who were her nearest relations, and at whose command she had, on completing her education, come so far to be, as she fondly hoped, "unto them as a daughter" and sister. All the sorrow of parting with her school-fellows and the few friends she had in England, all the forlorn feelings she had experienced when she was passed on through India from one strange hand to another, all her terrors during nights spent in solitary dāk bungalows among the Himalayas; all these sufferings were to be more than compensated for when at last she should reach "Bahutburrahud." And now here she was safe and sound on the mountain height, nine thousand feet above the level of the sea — here was the home — but the welcome — where was that? Looking at the house it appeared deserted; its wide verandah half filled with old packing-cases piled up here and there without order or attempt at order, appeared not to have been swept for long; the glass doors were unpainted and patched with newspaper, and closely shut and curtainless; the plateau on which it stood seemed never to have been touched since it was dug and delved for the buildings, for heaps of refuse soil, and roughly hewn stone, and moss-covered wood, and rusty iron, lay around; man's handiwork was visible enough, but it was not the hand of kindness, and as the new comer stood forlornly looking and listening for the kind faces and voices she had yearned for, the untidiness and gloom of the place chilled and depressed her almost

to despair. The coolies sat impassively staring at her, thinking, if indeed they were capable of thought, of the possible amount of pice to be extracted from the unprotected Missy Baba. The servants had vanished immediately they caught sight of the dandy, to don something more presentable to European eyes than the brown blankets which were all the clothing they considered necessary when off duty, and the girl stood drooping and despairing and wondering what she should do.

Presently from out of the kennel-like servants' huts to the right of the house, a decently attired man came towards her, and with profound salaams addressed her; but alas! he only spoke his native tongue, and the young lady had not yet mastered more of Hindustanee than to ask for water. Domestic servants in India are, however, very ingenious in making themselves understood to a certain extent, and he contrived by signs to tell her no one was at home, but how long the family would remain away, nor what she was to do till they returned, were matters beyond his skill to communicate.

Having bewildered each other completely by vain attempts to overcome the impossibility of going into particulars, the man opened a door and ushered her into the house, the rooms of which struck her as more like cellar kitchens than sitting-rooms, and then a bright idea struck him, and exclaiming, "Jān-jān, Cheenimān," he abruptly left her.

The girl threw down the wraps she had brought in her dandy, and took a survey of the apartment; the broken stone floor was only partially covered by leopard and bear skins, and the badly joined slabs of all shapes and sizes would not have done credit to the floor of an English pig-sty; a wide grateless fireplace with the remains of a wood fire on its blackened hearth, was the only break in one yellow washed wall, and the few chairs and tables were of the commonest and ugliest kind; no picture redeemed the blank hideousness of the unevenly plastered walls, no signs of a woman's presence softened the bare neglected room, and above all a torn ceiling-cloth discoloured by damp hung down and bulged out, disclosing the uncut rafters of the roof. Ornament of any kind there was none, unless two bottles containing horrid-looking snakes preserved in spirits, which stood on the high plaster canimney-piece, could be termed orna-

mental. Faded curtains hung before the doors that communicated with other rooms: it is difficult to say which was the shabbiest, the warped, unpainted, badly-fitting doors, or the curtains that hid the doors. A brief glance into the inner rooms — just as bare and damp and dark as the first, was sufficient, and with a shudder the girl quickly returned to the outside of the house to seek comfort in the sunshine.

What a view was before her! Height beyond height, depth beyond depth, softly swelling green hills opening into numberless valleys, the sides of which were covered with the delicate blush-like tint of the lovely geranium tree, the deeper pink of the sweet wild rose, and the pure white stars of the jessamine; each height differently shaped and differently shaded: some violet, some pale gray, some vivid green, mute, motionless guardians of an, until very lately, unknown region, all still and impassive whether storm raged or sun glowed over them, seeing generation after generation of man and beast die out century after century, while they in their undecaying grandeur stand firm and changeless. And depth so darkly purple, so wildly beautiful, full of the music of falling water, and rich with the wealth of exquisite ferns and mosses. But height and depth, each with their peculiar bloom and loveliness, were but secondary to the great charm of the unrivalled scene, for above all — the base draped in the morning haze — towered far up in the wonderfully deep-blue sky a line of glittering pinnacles the snowy range of the Himalayas! Hidden as was the base by the morning mist, these wondrous summits appeared as if literally in another world. White and sparkling, and sharply defined in mid air, they caught and chained the eyes and drew the thoughts from earth and matter of fact, and set the brain teeming with romance and fancy. Only in the early morning do they appear so brilliantly pure, so glitteringly sharp and hard and spotless; but rarely beautiful as they are at this hour, it is a beauty that awes and chills, like the beauty of death, whereas in the sunset hour they glow with a radiance of warm tinted gems, and with their gleaming roseate brows appear as an enchanted land, or as we picture the heavenly country will appear as we journey over the river of death towards it.

Frances Day stood long contemplating the scene, and listening to the unseen river that brawled over and between the

rocks in the valley far below. But the picture and the sound did not raise her spirits. So many days had she been looking on like glories and listening to like music, that the charm of novelty was now wanting, and the vastness and solitude and utter absence of habitation and cultivation on the great hill-sides made her weary for friendly faces and voices, and rendered her incapable of being satisfied with nature only.

To her Death reigned on those sublime snow mountains, and desolation in these blooming valleys. At the age of eighteen young ladies are seldom properly appreciative of the charms of scenery, though they are all educated to rave about it, and Frances Day was tired and hungry and terribly disappointed; how could she satisfy herself with a fine view, and console herself with mere beauty of outline?

"What *am* I to do?" she cried in despair; and then faint and vexed she sank down on a block of stone and gazed angrily around her.

What an atom she was in those vast solitudes. All things in earth and heaven were regardless of her. The great eagles and vultures lazily floating in the languid air, the troop of red monkeys wildly careering on an opposite slope, the impudent crows sidling to the verandah and making darts at some bits of biscuit that had fallen from her bag, the lizards playing at her very feet, the softly waving pampas-grass swaying gracefully in the faint breeze and gleaming like unspun silk, the sweet geraniums and roses and the brawling stream, all were at home and at ease, while she returned to the home of her birth, to the home of her nearest relations, to find herself as an outcast and a stranger.

"I can't even make them understand I'm hungry!" she cried again, as if appealing to this cruel nature around her. "What shall I do when it is dark! what shall I do when I have to go into that horrible room for the night!"

This was all very unlike the conduct of a heroine; but Frances was only heroic when she was in perfect comfort and safety, and she was fast nearing that point where a good fit of weeping is inevitable, when her attention was diverted by the return of the servant, accompanied by "Jān Cheenimān." There was no mistaking the nationality of the latter: his small eyes, flat nose, and wide thin-lipped mouth, as much as his pigtail, full-sleeved robe, and turned-up shoes, revealed his



celestial origin. John Chinaman, manager of the Tea-garden, had been fetched by the Khidmutgar as the one English-speaking person on the premises.

"I speak English," John began, smiling benignantly on the girl, and bending towards her patronizingly. "Missy be contenty, I speak to her till Master come back, one, two, three, four days, weeks, months, Master come back, Missy be contenty; I give her plenty tea, I tell servants everything for Missy; Missy may speak what she want. I takey care."

Then he stood silently smiling, awaiting her speech.

"Didn't they expect me?—when will they come?—where are they?—what am I to do?" she vehemently exclaimed, till seeing she had perfectly overwhelmed her friend by her vehemence, she began again slowly,—

"Did—they—not—expect—me?"

Jān and the Khidmutgar then exchanged sentences, and Jān answered,—

"He say yes, Missy only come too soon, all right; yes, all right."

"When will they come back?" Frances continued.

"This day—that day, sure to come, I send coolie bring them; all serene, Missy be contenty."

She shook her head; how could she draw content from this very insufficient explanation?

The Khidmutgar was the best comforter, after all; he spoke to John again, and John interpreted that food and drink should be ready quickly if she pleased. Of course she pleased, and then she had the horror of witnessing her dinner chased and killed, and plunged into a bowl of boiling water, from which the little half-starved fowl emerged, completely despoiled of his feathers, and while still warm with life, was trussed and broiled, and served up in an incredibly short time. But not even extreme hunger could make her eat; she drank the tea, and that revived her, and then she returned to the block of stone and sat idly looking at the mountains till the shadows climbed nearly to their summits. Starting from her seat at last, she set off with the intention of surveying the place from the height beyond, but she had not proceeded many yards up the narrow path that led through the thick brushwood and oak trees, when the servant, "Muddea," overtook her and addressed her eagerly and persuasively. He was, in fact, afraid to let her out of sight, especially was he

afraid to let her go through the thick underwood, it being the haunt, not only of snakes and leopards, but occasionally of tigers also. But this he could not make her understand. She turned at his voice, and stood wondering at his gestures and volubility. Politeness made her stop and do her utmost to guess his meaning; but after a time, she took no further trouble, and vexed at the interruption, she would have pursued her way, but Muddea was undaunted. He could not touch her—a native cannot forget himself so far,—yet he dare not let her go on, when she was in a manner under his sole charge. So he jumped ahead of her, and shaking his head at the cover towards which she would go, he raised his hand to denote the height, then did his best to imitate the roaring of a wild animal. She thought he had gone mad, and wondered whether, if she screamed, any one would come to her assistance. Oh, what a terrible fate was hers to travel so far to find an empty house with only a lunatic to depend upon! Perhaps he was not mad, now she thought; perhaps he was commencing another mutiny, and history would name her as the first victim. Trembling and white, she stood staring at the man, who, thinking his warning had taken effect, stopped his howling, and smiled and nodded reassuringly, waving his hand back in the direction of the house; but before she made up her mind whether to be murdered out of doors or in that dreary bungalow, a loud, shrill whistle suddenly drew her attention. Walking with long rapid strides up the staircase-like pathway, appeared a young Englishman, grotesquely attired in the shabbiest of badly-made and ill-fitting clothes; he was plain and under-sized, and his complexion, though tanned, was sallow and unhealthy. Round his unbrushed head was wound a gray scarf, one end of which hung far over his back. Into an undressed hide belt were stuck a pistol, a large clasp knife, a pipe case, and a small telescope; three natives followed close, one carried a gun and ammunition, another a large white umbrella and a long iron-spiked stick, and the third a basket of provisions; following these again, was a stout short Bhootia pony, and a small army of coolies bringing bedding, tent, and stores; and, last of all, came some half-naked villagers who had been pressed into the service, bearing a dead deer, whose graceful head and tapered horns grazed the ground as he was ignominiously borne onward legs upper-

most; some partridges and hill pheasants also swelled the young man's spoil. The exquisite plumage of the Moonāl gleaming amongst the more sober birds, caught Miss Day's eyes as the procession came to a stand in the compound. She guessed the new comer to be her cousin, and in an instant all her doubts and dread disappeared, for though he was by no means prepossessing according to school-girl ideas of a gentleman, yet he was of her own blood, and she was no longer desolate.

"So you've come?" he cried, going up to his cousin, but not offering his hand, and his cheeks colouring like a bashful girl's. "I heard of you from some coolies who passed you day before yesterday. I've sent to tell mother, she's only three marches off, and father will turn up some day, but I came on sharp, and brought something to eat; there's never anything fit to eat here, unless I kill it."

"I'm so glad you've come," she answered; and not noticing his remissness, she held out her hand for his. He grew crimson, hesitated for a second, and then thrust his hand into hers with an air of desperation; it was the first time in his life he had shaken a lady's hand.

He looked round him afterwards defiantly, as if he expected to see derision on his servants' faces, and was prepared to resent it. Frances guessed nothing: had he come on the scene as she had expected, awaiting her arrival and eager to receive her, she would have been quizzical and distant as most girls would be with such an uncouth young man; but he had appeared in her sore distress, and would have been welcome had he been ten times queerer; as it was, therefore, she accepted him unquestionably, and could see no flaw in him.

"It will soon be dark," she said, "and I haven't unpacked anything. I didn't like to go into the house, it is so —" she stopped suddenly. He went on with her speech:

"So miserable, I suppose you mean. — Well you can't expect London drawing-rooms up here; but when mother is at home, it looks better, she sticks things over the chairs, and pulls out bits of crockery and all that." As he spoke he was looking at her keenly, and when he ended his words, his eyes continued their scrutiny.

"Well?" she said, laughing, "what is amiss, do I look so untidy?"

"No," he said, gravely; "I'm think-

ing you are too fine a lady to live up here."

Now she had been intending to open a box and take out a certain very pretty blue gown that very evening, out of compliment to her cousin, but his grave manner alarmed her.

"This is my old travelling dress," she answered, meekly; "I was ashamed of keeping it on all day, now that I have reached home."

"You are too fine for us," he replied; "wait till you see mother."

However, Frances attempted no further adornment that evening; indeed, the sight of the dark, dilapidated room which her cousin pointed out as hers, depressed her too much to permit her to remain in it long enough. He came in and arranged her boxes.

"Don't push them nearer the wall," he said; "musk rats don't smell nice to some folks, though I always keep a skin of one in my handkerchief. I like the scent, and if they once go over anything, you never get rid of the smell. They must keep to the side of the room, so if you keep clear of the walls, you're all right. Ah, you mustn't hang that on the walls; don't you know scorpions are always about? Pull your bed further out — and you'd best shut that window, snakes might get in there, and it's quick work if one finds you off guard."

She looked horrified.

"Do snakes come inside?" she asked.

He laughed. "Don't they, that's all; — did you notice those pickled ones in the other room? Mother smashed their heads; she found one coiled round the leg of her bed, and the other under father's pillow."

A good night's rest which Miss Day had in spite of her fears made all around her appear in a much more favourable light next day, and as there was every probability of her aunt's return she was hopeful and lively again. The blue dress was worn and John Day's eyes hardly left his fair companion during breakfast: at last his thoughts found vent in words.

"What's the use of decking yourself out like that?"

"Like what?"

"Why, all those furbelow things; there's no tomasha going on — you'd better put on something sensible."

"Tomasha?"

"Yes — why you don't mean to say you don't know what a tomasha is — perhaps you don't know what a burra din is, then?"

"No, I don't."

The young man stared. "I thought any Yahoo knew that," he said, contemptuously.

"Yes, but then I'm not a Yahoo," she answered, guessing the meaning of the word by the contempt in his tones.

He burst out laughing. "That's sharp," he cried. "Well, I'm glad you've come, and I'm glad you dress up like that: mother never has new clothes; but you'll never like living here all your life."

All her life! She looked grave, and yet this must be her home until the knight of her school-girl dreams came to take her out into the busy brilliant world.

"No," she replied; "but that's not likely."

"Isn't it? why, your money is in this business and, — come, I'll tell you something, for you are not very missish and won't be huffed. Father and mother think you and I might marry and keep our money together. But, you needn't fire up, — I see I shouldn't suit you, and you are too grand for me."

Frances's face was painfully burning. She remained silent some time, growing hotter and hotter, — then she looked her cousin boldly in the face. "You've spoken out," she said, "so I'll tell you something that I did not mean to tell any one yet. I have promised to marry some one who came out in the same ship with me."

"I'm blowed!" he cried, pushing his chair back and sticking both hands in his hair in intense amazement. "What, a baby like you already promised!"

"I beg your pardon. You forget. I'm eighteen," she exclaimed, angrily.

"And who is it?" he continued, treating the matter as a good joke, while at the same moment he suddenly felt an intense desire to cut the favoured suitor out.

"You'll know in time," she replied, with dignity.

"How long a time?"

"When he gets his company."

"What, is he only a subaltern? — pooh!"

Frances got up and walked out of the room.

John Day remained silently gazing after her; at last he got up and went off to the servants' quarters, where he soothed himself by giving his groom a horsewhipping for neglecting some work.

It was a glorious day, the sky was of deepest cloudless blue, the lofty range

of snow mountains stood up against it distinctly white as if only ten instead of forty miles lay between them and Bahut-burrakhud. The glowing beauty of earth and sky soon restored Frances's equanimity, and after luncheon she made friendly overtures to her cousin, which were graciously accepted. He took her to the tea-gardens, and showed her acre on acre of tea shrubs almost ready for picking, and explained to her the different processes. He spoke well because he understood the subject. Shooting and tea-growing were the two matters on which he could talk fluently, on all other things he was stupid and ignorant. Of the world of art and science, of polite literature and modern progress, he knew nothing; his twenty-four years had been spent in these mountain solitudes, and he had never seen a railway or steam-boat. Calcutta and London held about an equal distance in his hazy ideas of geography, and the greatest person he had ever seen was the Commissioner of the Province, of whom he was accustomed to speak as of a king. Among the tea-gardens, therefore, John Day showed to advantage, and the afternoon passed quickly and pleasantly enough. As the cousins returned towards home, John suddenly seized his companion's arm and pointed below with a whispered exclamation.

For an instant she saw nothing but the mountain side, intersected just below them by the rugged narrow road, but as her eyes went further she beheld what made her turn deadly pale and inclined her to run to the bungalow, therein to barricade herself. Not fifty yards beyond the road, amongst boulders of rock and bushes of tall silvery pampas, stood a large tiger; his head was turned away, and his ears being cocked and his tail gently waving showed him to be eyeing some intended prey. John's grasp tightened on her arm and kept her still; he was keenly excited. "Listen," he whispered; "climb up the hill to the house quick as you can and bring me my rifle; it is ready loaded." But just as she was beginning to protest she would rather face a tiger than touch a loaded rifle, a quick sharp report was heard, and the huge beautiful beast gave a great bound, and then stood for an instant, with head well up and dilated nostrils, till another shot rang fiercely through the silent air and laid him low.

John watched with bated breath, and Frances shut her eyes and began to cry;

the beast shook the bushes amongst which it lay, but it never rose again. A third ball came whizzing into its side, and then three or four natives cautiously approached the place. John scrambled down the boulders, crying to the men to keep off, and thus left to herself, Frances took to her heels and flew for safety to the bungalow.

Standing in the verandah ready to fly inside, she presently beheld another arrival, — a little gentleman — an elderly likeness of John Day — who came marching up the path, followed by his pony and servants, the procession altogether similar to that which had followed the young man, only that the main figure affected the military style and wore a forage cap and a long military cloak.

Frances could have fancied it was John again. It was the new comer who had killed the tiger, evidently, for the man behind him carried a rifle.

Coming close to the house the gentleman grew rosy and nervous, and Frances attentively regarding him saw with amazement that his hair was braided like a woman's, and that his face and manner were extremely effeminate; in fact, a lengthened scrutiny convinced her it was a woman not a man who approached. The voice was unmistakable.

"My dear niece," it said, "I am your Aunt Louisa."

Just as John had hesitated, so did Mrs. Day hesitate to shake hands when Frances held hers out.

Here was a woman who had just killed a tiger, who feared not to travel alone in these awful solitudes, and whose dress consisted of old military clothes belonging to her husband, yet abashed and nervous in face of a young English girl. A tiger was a less formidable creature to her than a strange Englishwoman, and yet she had once been a dainty county belle.

"Did you?" Frances stammered in dismay; "did you fire that gun just now?"

Mrs. Day blushed deeper.

"I never had a chance at a tiger before," she replied; "I never saw one in all these years so near the house. Of course I've seen their footprints, yes, even here close to the house, but I hardly hoped to kill this one. John's keeping the men off till they are sure he's dead. I will give you two of the claws for a brooch."

Frances shuddered with schoolgirl affectation. Mrs. Day meantime took off

her cloak and showed a woman's gown — short certainly but still a gown — underneath it, and called for a cup of tea. She was a little, attenuated, prematurely old woman, though she was not much past forty, and her small thin face, with its restless yet sad brown eyes, was tanned and wrinkled.

"Your room is the room you were born in," she said, sipping her tea as she seated herself on the ground like a native. "Your poor mother died in it. Dear me, it all seems like yesterday, though it is eighteen years ago. I'll show you the khud some day over which your father fell and was killed. It was fortunate your uncle had a fancy for tea-planting, and was willing to settle here, or your share wouldn't have fared so well. I didn't like the idea at all, it was so much pleasanter being with the regiment, but now I wouldn't go and live in a town on any account. You'll like this life as much as I do when you learn to shoot and ride. I've been here twenty years."

"Oh!" was Frances's only comment.

Mrs. Day looked furtively at her and then added, "You are very like your mother, she was a very pretty girl."

Softened by the implied compliment, Frances felt more amiably disposed towards her peculiar companion, and smiled at her affectionately. In its turn the wrinkled face softened and beamed, and Mrs. Day went on —

"Sometimes I've been here alone for weeks, until I learned not to be so cowardly, and to go with your uncle to the other plantation; the road is very nasty though, and sometimes I feel afraid even now. Our nearest neighbour is thirty-five miles off, and we never see any white face, unless it is an occasional officer on a shooting excursion, and we have to send forty miles for our letters; but one gets accustomed to everything."

"But, aunt, how dull it must be."

"Not with a husband," Mrs. Day said, markedly. "One good companion is better than a stationful of gadding and gossiping acquaintances. Captain Day and I are quite content with each other, and by-and-by I hope John will marry, and then we shall be quite gay."

"Is John going to be married?" Frances asked, with seeming innocence.

Mrs. Day blushed, it was a difficult question.

"Of course he will marry some time or other," she said, after a little pause. "He will be well off, and he is such a favourite that he may expect to marry well. He's

considered the best shot in the district."

"Does he go about a great deal?"

"Well, he has been to Nynnee Tal, to a ball there, and he was asked to lunch by the colonel commanding the depôt there, but he doesn't dance. There's nothing effeminate about him, and he doesn't care for silly girls; he looks more for sterling worth."

"But, aunt—where do you get your clothes?"

"Oh, you don't want many here; I dare say you have brought enough to last you a lifetime. Do people in England wear such beautiful gowns as that you have on at home? It is fit for a ball, my dear."

"And you have no papers and books?"

Frances asked, after assuring her aunt her gown was only an everyday affair.

"Oh, yes, we often have a newspaper, and when sportsmen find their way here they generally leave us a novel they have had with them; but one doesn't care for reading, there is always so much to be done."

"So much to be done?" Frances echoed.

"Yes; if I don't feed the poultry and the sheep, the cows, and horses, and pigs, myself, twice a day, the chances are the food will be stolen. Then there is our own food to give out every day, and often I have to cook it, for our servants take French leave, and we have to replace them by coolies who know nothing. There is plenty of mending, too, for no Dirzee will come to us; these stupid natives are so fond of bazaar life, they think they ought to have extra pay to live with us, so altogether I should be quite put out if visitors often came."

That evening Captain Day came home; he said it was rather inconvenient returning so soon, and he had ridden fifty-seven miles that day to welcome his niece. He was very polite to Frances, and looked, though his dress was rather dirtier and shabbier than his son's, a gentleman. His son had not inherited his shy manner from his father. Captain Day had a decided, positive manner; one knew at the first interview with him that his will was strong, and meant to be law. Frances felt, before she went to bed, too, that with all his courtesy he would brook no contradiction; and knowing this she felt troubled as to how he would allow of her engagement, for Captain Day was her sole guardian and trustee. Should he insist on her marrying his son, how could she

flatly rebel here in these strange wilds, entirely under his control!

He was very merry over his wife's "bag" as he called it, declared he should send a notice of her prowess to the "Pioneer," and protested the tiger should be stuffed and handed down as an heirloom. The married couple were on curious terms; he called her "Day," and consulted her as he would consult a man, arguing the point with sharpness and roughness. To his son he was as a superior being; John never ventured to contest a matter with his father, while to his mother he was determined and downright. The Captain took the trouble next day to take his niece round the tea-gardens and into his office, where he did his best to inform her how far her interests were involved in the property.

"So long as your money remains here," he said, "you are sure of an increasing capital, for every year improves our business. I hope nothing will happen to make you wish to withdraw it, for it will be as unsatisfactory to you as it would be inconvenient to me."

Now was the time for Frances to have spoken of that young subaltern to whom she had promised herself, but the fact of his being a subaltern, besides something in her uncle's manner, withheld and frightened her. When her lover got his company, she thought, then she could speak with greater boldness; she would be older then, more at home with her uncle and aunt, and, if they really had any desire for John to marry her, they would be aware the young man himself did not wish her to be his wife. But the young man himself was rapidly changing his mind concerning his cousin; her youth and beauty were too pleasant to be slighted or overlooked. Life at Bahutburakhud had become wonderfully brighter since her advent; formerly it had been his sole pleasure to go out shooting, and an unpleasant necessity to return to the bungalow, but now, after exciting stalks after game, he turned homewards with alacrity, and as eagerly looked for the flutter of his cousin's pretty muslins as he had tracked the foot-prints of a *khâkur*. Frances soon accustomed herself to the brusquerie of the young man, to the oddities of his mother, and to the monotony of the daily life, and all through the glowing, glorious spring she was happy as only an inexperienced girl can be. Yet she never heard from her lover. John Day asked her once why "that fellow" didn't write; "Can't he afford the postage?"



he added rudely. She explained, without being angry at his taunt, they had decided not to correspond till he was in a position to speak to her uncle. "We are engaged," she added with becoming dignity, "and nothing can ever part us; so what's the use of our going on writing?"

John looked at her with a sarcastic smile on his plain face.

"Perhaps it's as well," he said presently, "for I don't see how you could ever get his letters, or post yours. Father manages to get some now and then when he's anywhere near Nynee Tal, but mother never writes to any one because she has nothing to write about, and I—well, I never wrote a letter in my life, except from school to mother."

"Oh, you've been to school?"

"Of course I have, but no further than Nynee Tal. I shall go to England some day; I want to see the Thames Tunnel and Astley's Circus."

Frances had never been to London, and her ideas concerning it were not much more enlightened than John's, so this was a common subject of interest between them.

After that first day Mrs. Day was not at all communicative. She was busy all day, and rarely spoke anything but Hindustanee; she never read, never wrote, never did any but the coarsest needlework. There was nothing in common between the two ladies who were thus thrown together, yet they accepted each other without question. Frances was never rebuked or advised, and never having known tenderer care than that of a schoolmistress, she missed no affectionate solicitude, nor grieved that their tastes were so opposed.

But when the weather broke up; when for days and nights thunder reverberated amongst the mountains; when murky clouds hid the pure white range; when sudden gusts of wind rushed up and round the valleys, threatening to tear the house from its rocky ledge; when deluges of rain poured down on the roof and made small pools in every room in the bungalow; when the servants crept shivering about their daily work, miserable in their comfortless poverty; when heavy fogs wrapt all nature up from sight, and flashes of lightning literally seared the air; when sudden heat set in and solemn stillness fell on all nature—precursors of earthquake shocks; when the peculiar cracking and rocking of the earth woke the girl to an overwhelming

horror; when the rains fairly set in and, for weeks, walking was an impossibility, and day after day of pour-down rain steadily continued, till the streamlet in the valley beneath became a mighty torrent, and hundreds of waterfalls dashed down the hill sides; when the jungle was alive with leeches, which even obtruded themselves into the house; when every piece of rock, every inch of ground, every branch of every tree, were covered with a growth of ferns and mosses and orchids, and even boots and clothes became productive of curious vegetable life,—then Frances's spirits broke down, and she told herself that sooner than remain at Bahutburakhud for another rainy season, she would forfeit her birthright. Never a change, but from the mouldy ruins to the dank wet verandah; never a face, but the ordinary ones of her relations; never a word from the outer world, for even Captain Day was constrained to stay at home in the wet season, shooting and journeying being alike difficult; no books, no music, no possible amusement of any sort or kind, nothing to prevent the might and majesty of storm and tempest preying on her imaginative mind and overwhelming it with horrors. The sounds that were hardly noticed by her relations were knells of doom to her. Her dreams were frightful. She cried herself to sleep as the storm raged outside, and awoke in terror to listen to the howl of the leopard, the maniacal cry of the hyena, the yapping of the jackal, and the moaning of the owls. One night her aunt came excitedly to her bed-side.

"Get up, get up," she cried: "there's a splendid sight in the compound—no less than nine bears. Jack is loading our guns. We can have some first-rate sport, for the moon is up!"

It was a strange sight, a great deal stranger than pleasant, Frances thought, as she peeped out into the watery moonlight, and saw the great black figures of the beasts moving amongst the few vegetables the terraced garden boasted.

"One gets from twenty to thirty quarts of grease from one bear," Mr. Day explained; "*my* first shot, John; you follow fire."

Another night a horrible roar alarmed her, and in the morning John showed her the huge foot-prints of a tiger close to the servants' houses.

"He tried to get into the sheep house," John said, "and must have put his paw on the great spikes of iron, for there are

spots of blood close by; it was that made him roar."

Her nerves had become very troublesome when at last the rains began to slacken; her brilliant English complexion was pale, and her voice had lost its mirth and clearness. John saw the change, and cunningly worked upon it.

"If I'd my way," he said, "I'd never stay here in the rains; John Chinaman can manage for a time alone quite well. I would take a house at Nynee Tal and go in for fun."

"What prevents you?" Frances asked.

"Oh! I mean if I'd a wife. I wouldn't care to go alone; but this place is nice enough in the fine season; it agreed with you splendidly, didn't it?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I'd rather die than live my life here always."

She spoke with such energy that her cousin coloured with vexation.

"Look at mother!" he said sulkily; "she's lived here always, and she's well enough, isn't she?—except, of course, she can't get all the fashions; but you can at Nynee Tal."

"I wouldn't be your mother for all the world!" she said, with so much vehemence that the absurdity of the remark was lost upon her companion, who replied with equal naïveté, "Thank God you are not my mother."

She laughed. "You are buried alive here," she continued—"pray what would you do if you were very ill?"

"Die or recover," he answered, "and save a doctor's bill."

"And how could one be buried suppose one died here?"

"Oh, if you are particular you could be carried into Nynee Tal, it's only three days' march; but when I die I hope I shall be buried in the garden here, it's so nice and quiet."

"Oh, John!" she cried, "you don't know what life is; *why* don't you go to England; you don't know what nice houses, what comfort and pleasure there are there."

He gathered a heap of little stones and threw them one by one slowly over the steep side of the mountain, for they were standing on the road looking down into and over the forest of rhododendrons and oaks which clothed the precipice—then John said, without looking at his companion.

"I'll go to England on my marriage tour if you go with me, not unless!"

"Why, John!" she cried, half laugh-

ing, "how can you be so silly when you know I'm engaged? Besides you said I shouldn't suit you any more than you would suit me—so don't talk such stuff!"

"People change their minds," he continued, still looking away; "besides it would save a lot of bother if we married, and father would be pleased."

"You ignore altogether the fact of my engagement!"

"Oh, I reckon nothing of that—you flirted for want of something better to do, and he, I dare say, got wind of your money, not but that"—he added, more politely—"any fellow, even a Commissioner, might be glad to have such a pretty girl as you are. I know what officers are. I shouldn't wonder your friend is engaged to some one else by this time."

She indignantly denied the possibility.

"Till I hear he is false from his own lips," she cried, "I shall consider myself his promised wife;" and so saying she turned and walked away.

"You'd best make up your mind," John exclaimed: "father always has his way; you'd best make up your mind to have no more to say to that chap."

She was very angry as she walked home; she had begun to like John, to consider him her friend because he knew her secret, and she rather enjoyed the clumsy flirtation he carried on; not for one instant had she calculated that he who had declared her not to be to his liking as a wife would become a formidable enemy; his assurance had been her safeguard should his father really desire their marriage, and then she began to regret the precaution she had taken of not corresponding with her lover. If she could but write to him she should be comforted, but she had herself placed the veto against it, and now she could do nothing to convince her cousin she was unchangeable. An Army List might tell her where the regiment was stationed, but to find an Army List at Bahutburra-khud was about as likely as to see that day's issue of the *Times*. She was to all intents a prisoner and an exile in these horrid wilds.

"Do you never go to any town, aunt?" she asked; "is there no chance of getting books or papers anywhere? What shall we do when the winter comes?"

"Do—why, be out all day and go to bed earlier; besides, winter is our season. If any strangers are out in the district it is then, and they are sure to come here; your uncle gets papers sometimes—ask him to get some for you."

From The Spectator.  
JOSAFA BARBARO.

MR. WILLIAM THOMAS was a learned writer of the sixteenth century. He was born in Wales, and educated at Oxford; he studied modern languages at Bologna and Padua, was made Clerk of the Council to Edward VI., who gave him a prebend of St. Paul's and a living in South Wales, highly improper promotions, as he was not "a spiritual person," but seemingly unlikely to lead him to the gallows. Nevertheless, Mr. Thomas was hanged, for high treason, in 1553. On the accession of Queen Mary, he was deprived of his employment at Court, and, according to Wood, "he sucked in damnable principles by his frequent conversations with Christopher Goodman, that violent enemy to the rule of women." When the proposed Spanish marriage was exciting wrath and apprehension in England, Mr. William Thomas suggested to Sir Nicholas Throgmorton that it would be "a good devise to have all these perils that we have talked of taken away with very little bloodshed, that is to say, by killing of the Queen;" adding that he knew one Fitzwilliam who might be persuaded to do it, being "so manly a man; that he will not refuse any peril that might come to his own person to deliver his whole native country from so many and so great dangers as be offered thereunto, if he might be made to understand them." This conference led to active measures, and to the condemnation and execution of the ingenious Mr. Thomas, a regrettable consummation, for he had done much good service to literature, notably in the translation into English of an exceedingly curious work by one Josafa Barbaro, a Venetian, "of good fame and memorie," who travelled into Persia, and other "barbarouse" places. This Barbaro was probably an ancestor of Daniel Barbaro, Ambassador from Venice in the time of Edward VI., whose report to the Signory on English affairs in 1551 is an interesting and amusing document. The young King honoured Daniel Barbaro by a grant of a part of his armorial bearings—the rose of England—and gave him 600 doubloons on his departure. William Thomas executed his translation of Josafa Barbaro's book as a birthday present to Edward, who was, according to him, "most desirouse of all vertuose knowledge."

In 1471, during the wars between Venice and the Turks, Josafa Barbaro,

being "used to travaille, and of experience among barbarouse people," was sent to Persia with the Ambassador of Assambéi (Hassan Beg), King of Tauris and Persia, "who was come to Venice to comfort the Signoria to followe the warres against the said Ottomanno." The Ambassador and the Envoy got on very well for nearly three years, during which they were detained at Farnagosta, in consequence of "Ottomanno's" possession of all the towns, both on the sea coast and inland, so that they could not go "sauf through the cuntry of Caraman into Persia." In 1474, they had reached Chesan, and were nearing the famous city of Tauris, when they were surprised by "Corbi" (Kurds), and the Ambassador and Barbaro's secretary were slain. For quaintness, acuteness, and lucidity, the description given by Barbaro of his reception by King Assambéi, of the manners and customs of the Court, and the internal condition of Persia in the fifteenth century, is unrivalled, and the story is quite as amusing as the "Arabian Nights." So effectually had the Corbi robbed Barbaro, that on his arrival at Tauris, being sent for by the King, he presented himself "so yll appaiailed" that he says, "I daire assure you all that I had about me was not worthe ij. ducates." Hassan Beg received him well, and promised him redress, which promise was righteously redeemed. The entire narrative is a series of pictures, to which travellers in the present day have added little new; and Barbaro's descriptions of the aspect and resources of the country read very like those to which the Shah's concession to Baron Reuter have lately given rise. The cavalcade of Hassan Beg when he rode out "into the country" was like that of Nasr-ed-deen when he commenced his pacific invasion of the West, and the following, done into modern spelling, would probably represent an audience of the Standard-bearer to the Sun with sufficient accuracy:—"The place where I had access to the King was on this manner. First; it had a gate, within the which was a quadrant of five paces square, wherein sat his chief Estates, that passed not eight or ten in number. There was another gate near to the first, in the which stood a porter with a little staff in his hand. When I was entered that gate, I passed through a green garden like a meadow full of truffles, with mud walls, in the which on the right side was a pavement. Further on there was a

lodge, vaultwise after our manner, five steps higher than the aforesaid pavement. In the midst of this lodge was a fountain like unto a gutter, always full of water, and in the entry of it the King himself sat on a cushion of cloth of gold, with another at his back; and beside him was his buckler, of the Moorish fashion, with his scimitar; and all the lodge was laid with carpets, his chiefest princes sitting round about. The lodge was all wrought of mosaic, not so small as we [Venetians] use, great and very fair, of divers colours. The first day I came to him he had divers singers and players, with harps of a yard long, which they hold with the sharp end upwards; and besides that lutes, rebecks, cymbals, and bagpipes, all which played agreeably. The next day he sent me two garments of silk, that is, to wit, a straight gown furred with barco, and a jacket; a towel of silk to gird me, a fine piece of linen called bumbasin to put on my head, and twenty ducats, sending me word withal that I should go to Maidan, that is, to wit, to the market-place, to see the *tafarraj*, to wit, the play." Here follow descriptions of the *tafarraj*, the processions of wild beasts, and wolf-fights; of the King's palace; of the solemn and splendid reception of the Ambassadors from India, bringing gifts, great dishes of porcelain, pieces of sandal-wood, vessels of jasper, and certain strange beasts, whereof one is a "giraffa," a "marvellous faire beaste"; of the rich furred and jewelled garments from Yezd; of the King's cameos and carpets; of the great sandal-wood gates, set in gold and mother-of-pearl; of the retinues, the princely state, and the extraordinary barbarousness of it all, to which the polished and politic Venetian was acutely sensitive. He makes repeated declarations of his exactitude, but is prepared for incredulity, and in one portion of his narrative, describing Hassan Beg's progress to Shiraz, he says:—"Who could believe that so great a number of people, men, women, and children, and some in the cradle, could make so great and speedy a voyage [120 miles in three days], carrying with them so much baggage, and in so good order, with so much dignity and pomp, never wanting bread and seldom wine, and then such plenty of flesh and fruits and all thing necessary? I that have seen it, do not only believe, but also know it, and to the end that they which hereafter may happen to travel (if any happen at all) may judge whether I write true or not, and

that they which shall never mind to see it may also believe it, I shall here make a special declaration." Then follows a truly wonderful picture of the setting-out of the enormous cavalcade, and a characteristic touch of Barbaro's own acuteness:—"The musters were taken, as well of the people as of the cattle, on this wise. There was a very great champaign environed with horses, so ordered that each of them touched the other's head, and the men upon them were partly armed and partly unarmed, comprehending about thirty miles in circuit, within which order they all stood from the morning until sunset. Then passed one surveying and making a reckoning of them, by calling for the captains' names, and considering the number whether it was in order. And then passed on. Wherefore I took my servant with me and passed through them apace, reckoning with beans what numbers I found, using for every fifty to let a bean fall into my pocket. And when the musters were past, I made my reckoning, and found the numbers and qualities of these things to be after the order that I shall describe." He then gives the catalogue, and a very curious description of the tents and horse-trappings, concluding thus:—"Where the Prince rideth, there go before him five horses and more, which have also their scouts before them, with certain square ensigns, which crying, 'Make room! make room!' to them all men give way." The whole story, so grand, so minute, precise, and humorous, conveys an extraordinary sense of sovereign barbarous power, and a kind of splendid childishness accompanying it which Barbaro sedately notes. He was incessantly observing, perpetually picking up bits of information of no value to the original possessors, but of great price to him; and he preserved throughout an unmixed and unmoved contempt for the heathen "Macomettanes," at whose hands "pore Christen men," not envoys, had so much to endure. In 1478 he endeavoured to get back to Venice by way of Tartary, but was prevented by the "grete warres," so he returned to Tauris, and there found a state of things which he describes with much simplicity:—"King Assambéi was so sick that the night of the Epiphany following he died, leaving four sons, three by one mother, and one by another. The same night the three whole brethren strangled the fourth half-brother, being a young man of twenty years, and then parted the State amongst them. Then did the second brother

cause the eldest to be slain, and so remained he king, in such sort that he reigneth even to this present. Wherefore, seeing all things broiling, I that by the father's leave had taken good leave both of the father and the sons, fell into the company of an Armenian that went to Assengan, where he dwelt. And I had with me a boy of Sclavonia, which was only left to me of all I had brought into that country with me. I apparelled myself with such poor and miserable clothes as I had, and rode both continually and speedily, for fear of those alterations which after the death of such princes commonly do happen. In April I came to Assengan, where I tarried, waiting for the caravan that should go to Aleppo." There is a fine flavour about that word "alterations" and its context.

Not less interesting, quaint, and humorous is Barbaro's account of his travels in Tana, which commenced with a wonderful expedition, undertaken by himself and six other Venetian merchants, to the tumuli in Alania, in search of the treasure supposed to be concealed in them. The narratives of Contarini, and the other Italian travellers and envoys, contained in the collection just issued by the Hakluyt Society, have greater historical importance—the chief personage in the volume is Shah Ismail—but for carrying one along with the story-teller, we do not know a match for Barbaro except Defoe.

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From The Times of India.

#### THE TOWERS OF SILENCE.

ON the north-east crest of Malabar Hill are situated the famous Towers of Silence. There are two approaches to the extensive tract of ground on which they are built. From the Gowalia Tank road towards the north a winding avenue of recent construction leads to the gateway at the top, on which is an inscription that none but Parsees may enter there. This prohibition was rendered necessary, it is said, by the unseemly and inconsiderate conduct of those who used formerly to be admitted within the inclosure. The gateway is also reached by a sort of giant staircase, half a mile long, which, starting from the Gaumdavi road close to Back Bay, comes almost straight up the hill. Both approaches are striking and picturesque. . . .

The visitor who has obtained permis-

sion to disregard the notice at the entrance, will find, on passing the portals, that he is in a kind of small court-yard from which he can only advance by mounting some half-dozen steps. On the right is the Suggree, a low stone building open on all sides, in which prayers are offered for the dead. The chief-object of having the courtyard lower than the level on which the Suggree is built is to prevent the ceremonies from being profaned by the gaze of unbelieving eyes. When the mourners are numerous they group themselves around the building, and from its being open they can, of course, see all that goes on within, and take part in the prayers. The dead, it should be mentioned, are never taken within the Suggree. Between the Suggree and the garden is a large and handsome building with arched roof, designed to supersede the present Suggree, which is found to be inconveniently small. Passing this new erection we enter a beautiful garden ablaze with flowers, amongst which roses are conspicuous. Along the walks are iron garden seats of elegant structure and European make. Here the relatives of the dead rest after the toilsome ascent of the basalt staircase, and on subsequent occasions come to pray. Beyond the garden on the undulating summit of the hill looking towards Malabar Point, is the park-like grass-covered tract in which, at irregular intervals, are the Towers of Silence where the dead are laid. The Towers, of which there are six, are round, and on an average from 30 to 40 feet high, and about as much in diameter; one or two are, perhaps, higher. They are solidly built of stone, the walls being some 3ft. thick, and they are all coloured white. There is no window, and only one door, covering a small aperture about a third of the way up. To this aperture access is obtained by a narrow stone causeway, up which the dead and the bier-bearers alone may venture. So sacred are the towers that no one except the bearers who are set apart for the purpose may approach within 30 paces of them. Inside on the rock pavement spaces are marked out on which the dead are placed to await the vultures, and pathways are marked out for the bearers to walk upon without defiling the place where their unconscious burdens are to rest.

When a Parsee dies his soul goes to heaven, but his body must not be tainted by corruption. Therefore it is at once washed and purified, and if there be yet time it is at once carried to the towers



before sundown. If death takes place, however, after, say, three o'clock, when there would not be time to gain the towers and pray becomingly before dark, the body is kept till the early morning. Having been rendered undefiled, it is clothed in white, and prayers are offered at the house by the family and friends. None may henceforth touch it; it is pure and must so remain. The women of the family take a last look, and the light bier on which it has been placed being covered with a white shroud it is carried by the bearers to the hill. No vehicle can on any account be used; no one must even follow in a vehicle; the whole journey, no matter what the distance, must be made on foot. All who form part of the *cortège* must have been washed and purified and clothed in white, and to touch any one would be to become defiled. The women, in some cases, wear mourning—black—but the men never. No woman attends a funeral; the female relatives of the dead always remain at home on that day, but they may, and do, go afterwards to the garden near the towers to pray.

Carrying the body and following it in procession holding scarfs passed from one side to the other, those forming the *cortège* wend their way slowly to the foot of the steps leading to the top of the Malabar Hill. Laboriously ascending these, they reach the crest in a quarter of an hour, and the priests go through the sacred ceremonies in the Suggree. Some Parsees consider that the prayers thus rendered have the effect of averting all decomposition or other defilement; but this view is not universally entertained. When the prayers are over, and those who have come the long and weary journey are somewhat rested, the body is borne to the foot of the causeway leading to the door of one of the towers. Here the face is uncovered, so that all may take a last lingering look; it is covered again, and the form disappears into the Tower.

Were there not serious misconceptions to be removed we would not seek further to penetrate these mysteries; but, as stories in which there is more of horror than of fact are rife amongst those who know absolutely nothing of what really takes place, it is better that the truth should be fully told. The towers are scattered over

a large and park-like inclosure, secluded by its elevation from every eye. Outside the lofty wall which encircles the whole space there are hundreds of acres of land, partially cultivated, which the Parsees claim, and which while in their possession, they have carefully kept as a sort of neutral territory between the domain of outsiders' bungalows and that of the towers. What goes on inside, therefore, no one can see, and of course, no one need be offended at it. It is the imagination alone that is shocked, and it is the more easily shocked from being quite uninformed of what really happens. What happens is this: some 50 vultures make their abode in the lofty palms within the inclosure, and when the dead is deposited in the towers, they swoop down and do not rise again till all the flesh has disappeared. In a few hours none of the body remains except the bones. Those who retail stories about fragments of human bodies being taken up by the vultures and carried outside the park and the surrounding neutral belt, and then being dropped on the roads, are ignorant of the habits of these jackals of the air. On the American pampas, when they alight upon their quarry they are so loth to quit the spot that they are eventually unable to fly from it on the approach of horsemen, who find no difficulty in knocking them over with their whips. Within the towers, they are secluded from all disturbance, and those who have watched for the purpose have never seen them come to the top with any substance whatever. It is only when all is over that they come to the summit of the towers, where they remain for hours without moving. Then they take their heavy flight to the palms around; seldom, indeed, do they go beyond the trees in the rough ground outside the vast compound. There is nothing of a sacred character ascribed to these useful but obscene birds. They are regarded simply as a means of preventing decomposition, and in accomplishing that task they perfectly succeed. The consequence is, that the grounds about the Towers of Silence have nothing of the hideous taint of the charnel-house. There is nothing obnoxious to health; there is not the faintest odour of death to mingle with the perfume of the roses blooming around.